

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

COLLEGE ISSUE

OCTOBER 50 cents



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PLAYBOY



PLAYBILL

NOW, WE ASKED OURSELVES as we were preparing this third College issue, did *PLAYBOY* become the most popular periodical on the college campuses of America? Except for one issue each year, *PLAYBOY* virtually ignores college life in its articles, fiction, photo features and cartoons — why, then, does it sell more copies at campus newsstands than the multi-million circulation magazines? The answer isn't really too difficult to discover, because the average college male is less interested in the cloistered here-and-now than the world that lies ahead. He dreams of the future bachelor apartment, the hi-fi set, the well-stocked liquor cabinet, the sports car — and the bed-mouled beauties who will help him enjoy it all. These are the dreams, of course, that *PLAYBOY* is made of; this is the world the college man reads about in *PLAYBOY*'s pages — reads and re-reads, passes on, memorizes and parodies. As the most popular magazine on campus, *PLAYBOY* is also the most kidding college editor at the University of Texas, Penn State, Indiana University, Syracuse College, Oregon State and the University of Arizona all turned issues of their humor magazines into *PLAYBOY* parodies this past year. Nothing better expresses the impact *PLAYBOY* has had on the collective college campus than a recent issue of Northwestern's *Profile*, however: it featured a coverfull of students clutching

their copies of the Northwestern feature magazine to crowd around one fellow holding a copy of you-know-what. Other schools across the country have been giving *PLAYBOY* parties, dances and variety shows, and one of them — Dartmouth — enjoyed a visit from Playmate Janet Pilgrim. Subscription supervisor Janet's weekend on that all-male campus is covered in this College issue. And Janet, somewhat uncovered, puts in a new *Playboy* appearance.

A host of other *PLAYBOY* favorites are on hand this month, too: Amos Mount, who appeared in last year's College issue with *The Taming of the Rake* and now heads our College Bureau, contributes the amusing tale, *A Pound of Flesh*; Herbert Gold, who teaches at Wayne University, has written a powerful story, *The Right Kind of Poise*, with implications beyond the microcosm of its fraternity setting. This is strong stuff, worthy of this young three-time novelist of whom Saul Bellow has said: "I put him at the head of my small list of writers who have their own eyes and are capable of making fiction which gives pleasure."

Jack Cole, inspired zany, has whomped up a cartoon spread about blankets and all the fascinating things that go on under them at college football games.

Ray Russell, no less zany, has never associated with colleges in any manner, shape or

form and certainly has no intention of starting now. His subject for satire is, therefore, science-fiction films, in *Put Them All Together They Spell Monster*.

Manuccio, called Salernitano because he was born in the city of Salerno, was a gentleman of rank as well as a popular teller of tales. His collection, *Il Novellino*, published in 1476, has been rated by one commentator as "second only to Boccaccio for wit, originality and dramatic power." The flavor of Boccaccio is certainly evident in Manuccio's story, *The Hoodwinked Husband*, this month's Ribald Classic.

Add the second half of the sumptuous Penthouse Apartment, more Hemingway love by Jed Riley, a pictorial (for do we mean pictorial?) feature on bare-bottomed American cinema, assorted features on mode fashion, travel, food and drink to the plump package and you've about completed this College issue — save only for the most important feature of all — the first annual *PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL*. The winners of the poll will be brought together in a truly spectacular jazz exhibition and you'll want to make certain your favorite jazz artists are there, so fill in your ballot just as soon as you've completed the issue. As before, still, pick your favorites for the 1957 *PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND* and then read the issue.

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now these famous artists are helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "Illustrators' Illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists — Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over



ALBERT DORNE — From the window of his skyscraper studio, this top, money-making artist can see the slums where he once lived.

5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even

doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

John Buskesta is another. He was a pipe-filter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he enrolled. Two years later he won a national cartooning prize. Soon after, he signed a contract to do a daily comic strip for a group of newspapers.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing before enrolling in the School. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs."

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique one-sided test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 8-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it might lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

NEWPORT JAZZ

I thoroughly enjoyed George Wein's article, *The Newport Jazz Festival*, in the July issue of your fine magazine and was particularly interested in the references to Miss Toshiko Akiyoshi. I became acquainted with Miss Akiyoshi in Japan while serving as entertainment manager for one of the service clubs there. She is, in the opinion of myself and many other avid jazz fans, the most creative musician to emerge from post-war Japan.

During my tenure as entertainment manager, our club staged some 200 shows. Only once, however, did an entertainer subdue an audience of noisy, homesick Airmen and turn them, before our very eyes, into a silent, listening body. Toshiko did this seemingly impossible task simply by playing the most beautiful version of *Alouette* in *Person*! *Any* of us had ever heard.

It is difficult for a woman to make good in the jazz world of today. For a Japanese woman, it is next to impossible. I think Fesfiko's story would provide one of the most inspiring articles ever written about jazz and its people.

Don Sumner
Marietta, Georgia

My wife and I enjoyed Mr. Wein's article on The Newport Jazz Festival very much. The layout of pictures were some of the best I have seen. Many thanks for *PLAYBOY'S* interest in the Festival.

L. L. Larillard, President
The American Jazz Festival
Newport, Rhode Island

CRITIC CRITICIZED

Open letter to the motion picture critic of America's finest men's magazine:

1.) I thought Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much* was a superb motion picture, worthy of all kinds of awards.

2.) *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* is a fabulous example of how fine acting can make a picture excellent.

3.) The change of pace in *Jubal* was a good change. This particular reader feels that the aforementioned film was the best of its type since *Shane*.

4.) As in this writing, you have not

reviewed *1981*, *D-Day*, *The Sixth of June* and the spectacular *Okinawma*. Please dislike these pictures so that I can lose even more respect for you.

5.) Tell me, have you ever liked any
mugshot pictures?

David A. Jacobs
Baltimore, Maryland

HENRY MILLER

In your July issue you reviewed *My Friend Henry Miller* by Alfred Perles. In this review, you mentioned a book by Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*; your reviewer said that he had bought a copy in Paris several years ago. My curiosity has been aroused by the description given of this book and I would very much like to read it. I have inquired at several of the book stores in town, but none of them carry the book. The manager of one of the stores did tell me that if I could find out the name of the publisher, he would order the book for me. Can you furnish that information?

I have been a regular reader of your fascinating magazine since a date tried out the questions in *Will She or Won't She?* on me, and I enjoy PLAYBOY thoroughly even though I am a girl.

Sally Bickford
Ft. Worth, Texas

Henry Miller's twin tomes through
celestial erotica (*Tropic of Cancer* and
Tropic of Capricorn) have never been
legally published in the U.S. or per-
mitted through customs, though a great
many paper-bound copies were smuggled
into the country from France by return-
ing G.I.s after World War II. These
aren't books you can write away for,
Sally. You'll just have to find a friendly
ex-G.I. who has a copy stashed away
among his wartime mementoes. Or plan a
vacation trip to Paris.

TURNPIKE MOTORCYCLES

Reader H. J. Holmes is mistaken (July, *Dear Playboy*) when he suggests that the midwest S.C.C. official didn't know what he was talking about when he told a story involving a motorcycle on the New Jersey Turnpike. When the Pike first opened, the State Police did have a few Harley Davidson motorcycles. But they proved too dangerous and were soon taken out of service and sent

Love begins
with

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ARRÊTE

An ad about Marilyn Monroe without pictures?

You'll call us mad, but we want to call your attention to the *secret* of a new book, the first candid, sympathetic, detailed and un-holed-up analysis of what makes America's All-Girl Girl tick. Don't expect any Hello-from-Hollywood stuff. This is Marilyn as she really is. (Do you know what she suggested to Jane Russell when they were asked to leave their imprints in the wet cement at Grauman's Chinese theater? Ever heard of "feet impact"? Why is Marilyn right about the proper role for her in *The Brothers Karamazov*?).

Gathered in long talks with people like director Billy Wilder, with agents, and with people who have just plain observed her (*how could that be plain?*), the book studiously avoids burbling lady columnists. It's a book for men, and for men to give to others. Pete Martin's story is terrific — and we haven't been crazy enough to publish the book without pictures. There is a stunning jacket in full color, and inside, 43 knockout photographs which speak more loudly than you know what.

WILL ACTING SPOIL MARILYN MONROE?

by Pete Martin

With 43 photographs

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to the Turnpike's Central Garage in Heightstown. After being held for about two years, they were sold. This information comes from a Trooper with whom I work. He thinks that the only car that has outrun the "thundering Chevys" they now use (stock with four barrel pot) is a Mercedes-Benz.

Donald Howard
Newark, New Jersey

SCANDINAVIAN SMORREBROD

Having devoured July's omnibus of women, wit and whimsy, I am left with the distinct impression that PLAYBOY travel editor Patrick Chase must be unattractively fat. I had intended that day to drink my way through the noonday indulgence in cuisine, but after scanning his six-times-a-day encounter with Danish *smorrebrod*, pulsating pains of hunger overtook me and sent me flying for the nearest dining room. What sort of expense account do you allow this man anyway?

Phillip E. Jatka
Kansas City, Missouri

Mr. Chase's expense account may be deserved as adequate; his unattractiveness, trim.

BURGLAR PLAYBOY

Last week someone entered our home and took our television set, television stand and approximately 15 issues of PLAYBOY — my entire collection. So this month's edition starts a new stack.

The television and stand are replaceable, but the past issues of PLAYBOY are not. A logical assumption is that the thief will undoubtedly read future issues of your magazine after seeing mine. If he sees this letter, our message is: Keep the television, keep the mahogany stand, but return the PLAYBOYS and all will be forgiven.

Don L. Green
Fresno, California

OK, you heard the man — return his PLAYBOYS.

MARLA'S MOLE

Being a fougasse admirer of Marla English, I was most pleased to discover your pictorial feature on this lovely miss in your July issue. However, close scrutiny of the photographs in *The Girl in the Peek-a-Boo Parlor* reveals a disturbing discrepancy: three out of five pictures show a beauty mark on Marla's face just to the right of her mouth, while the other two show it to the left. Perhaps inconsistent darkness policy is to blame or perhaps Marla has a mobile mole, but I wish to heaven somebody would clear up the mystery for me.

Pete Walters
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

Marla's mole is a stationary one; two of the five photographs were flopped; she has a beauty mark on her right cheek.

THE DEAL

The presentation of Alice Denham as both writer and Playmate, July PLAYBOY, was both unique and entertaining. After admiring the sensitive description in *The Deal* — revelling in the colorful imagery of its words — I am left with a

haunting feeling that a vital question remains unanswered, however.

This is in marked contrast to the emotions countered with the Playmate pose. No question there at all — only an answer.

"That girl doesn't leave much on when she poses," observes son.

"And she doesn't leave much out when she writes," reports I.

But she did leave something out which is vital. And either she or character Linda should give.

I was all set to discontinue my testosterone shots in favor of PLAYBOY, when son appropriated the Playmate by virtue of youth. There was nothing left for it then but to re-read *The Deal*. So . . .

It is one thing, Alice Denham, to identify with Linda. The old goat had the cash and Linda was broke. And how Linda felt about it was how you felt about it. And your words were like the blending of color, which is fine.

When that hideous old rake of 36 propositioned Linda, "Linda wondered if he could," That's where you left me, despite the painful details of Linda's acceptance and all that followed. (When *The Deal* was completed and sealed with a G, who was left wondering? Not Linda, just me.)

So that's the part I think you left out. If you're gonna be a Playmate, Alice, let's play fair. He was 56 and "Linda wondered if he could." For heaven's sake, tell me. Could he? COULD he?

Ernest A. Laing
Indianapolis, Indiana

P.S. I'm 55.

He could and did: Years later he moved slightly and it was over.

It surprised me, very much indeed, to learn that Chekhov's tale, *The Ipswich in the Case*, published in your July issue is the first English translation. As far as 20 years ago I read it in Spanish and since then in French and Portuguese.

I would like to add, about your remark (Alice Denham's *The Deal*): "Ending forever the bit about *Beauty vs. Brains*," that the exception only confirms the rule. The work is a good and deep one, well written, but Linda's pre-final impulse of not wanting to take the money (even considering that women are unpredictable) is most unusual. I see it as . . . an excuse? . . . which proves to me, despite what you say about her frankness, that the real name of the girl in the story is not Linda, but Alice. My congratulations to her, as a writer; she must be quite a woman, too.

Although I have lived in this country for the last nine years, I have just "discovered" your magazine four months ago. I must say that I am sorry for all the good moments I have missed, since all of your stories, articles and humor are excellent.

X. Myles
Philadelphia, Pa.

I am presently working towards a Doctor's degree in Education at the University of Southern California and thought you might be interested to learn that Alice Denham's story, *The Deal*,

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Waldo B. Phillips
Los Angeles, California

MISS JULY

This is probably the first congratulatory letter you've ever received for a feature in *Advances of publication*, but on the last page of your June issue, you have a picture of Miss Alice Denham and announce that next month you will publish a story by her and she will appear as Playmate of the Month.

Alice is a lovely, lovely person. Not only is she dazzlingly beautiful, but she is intellectually brilliant and a lady in every respect. Heartiest congratulations on bringing both her talent and her beauty to the American people.

John Begman
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

During the past 20-odd months, since your magazine first came to my attention, I have definitely plunked down my half-dollar for each new issue and repaired to some quiet spot to enjoy its many entertaining features and, most especially, to ogle the Playmate. I have yet to be dissatisfied with your choice in feminine potpurri. Janet Pilgrim is a doll; Eve Meyer *à quelque chose*; and all the rest have been magnificent. But this month you have reached the highest magnitude. This Alice Denham has got it. Never have I seen any gal, a n-y-whe-r-e, that has made my blood sing, my pulse accelerate, my toes curl up, my pupils dilate, my hands tremble in eager anticipation like this gal does. She's the babe that they've patterned all the brick whatchacallists after.

James A. Presley
Detroit, Michigan

AN END TO A PICTURE OF ALICE (in final form):

Before me in chromatic splendor
hangs—a picture;
A parody I'm sure—a fatty
prism's palid bloom.
She smiles a song no siren nymph
could ever hope to sing;
It's Alice: enshrouded on bed in
mimic room.
Her hair: Surely no queen's
daunting renowned
Can best that wave on wave of
auburn tresses thrown.
I give my word: The only ready
answer goes:
They were to earth posthaste by
angels flown.

P.
Richmond, Virginia

STREET SCENES

Thought you might enjoy this clipping which appeared in the *Atlanta Journal*, in a column titled *Street Scenes*: "Digitized little old lady getting on plane at airport clutching copy of *PLAYBOY Magazine*."

Proves that all your readers aren't young men-about-town. My wife and I are both avid fans of your magazine and if I don't bring home the latest issue when it first appears on the newsstand,

she somehow manages to maneuver me into the drugstore and then says, "Oh, look, here's the new issue of *PLAYBOY*." Keep up the good work.

Charles W. Johnson
Macon, Georgia

JAZZ QUERY

I thoroughly enjoy your many features on jazz and I wonder whether you might be able to help me with some information on two particular recordings I'm interested in acquiring. They are *Malgas de cha cha cha* and *Manteca*. I know that Dizzy Gillespie is the recording artist on *Manteca*, but I don't know the recording company; I know neither the recording artist or company for the other disc and I don't know the numbers of either. I want very much to add both recordings to my collection, so will appreciate any information you may be able to supply.

Harold L. Hauser
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dizzy Gillespie's *Manteca* is available on Victor 420-0146, a single 78 rpm, recording; *Milagros de cha cha cha* is played by Fernando Riveras and his Quartet on an LP titled *Cha Cha Cha*, Victor LP-1081.

PLAYBOY has instituted a Reader Service Department to answer questions on jazz, fashion, travel, food, drink and other subjects of interest to the urban male that may be raised by features in the magazine. Readers are invited to address such queries to *Playboy Reader Service*, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

SUBSCRIBE, ALREADY

In true *PLAYBOY* tradition, you have seduced a virgin in making me write my first letter to any editor or publication for purposes of either congratulation or damnation. In breezing through your subscription message, *So What Are You Waiting For*, on the inside back cover of your July issue, I must say you've got guts to ask Gentle Reader to deface his copy of *PLAYBOY* by cutting that lousy coupon out of the back cover! Get smart! No *PLAYBOY* reader in his right mind would look up an issue just for a subscription. Not when it's just a two mile walk to the newsstand. Which brings me to my point: leave your sales pitch where it is and move the coupon to the facing page. When you do that, we newspaper readers will subscribe. But cutting a chunk out of a cover makes as much sense as hacking a hunk from the Playmate of the Month.

W. K. Atree
Atlanta, Georgia

OK—in this issue the subscription blank appears on the facing page. What's more, you can subscribe at *PLAYBOY*'s special Holiday Rates.

PHONY LETTER DEPARTMENT

As a college Resident Council, I am in a position to realize just what a retarding factor *PLAYBOY* is in this process of education.

Part of my campus duties include seeing that the dormitories are kept in a manner conducive to good study habits.



It doesn't take a tintype to date a man!

If you saw your belt as others see it, you'd change it more often.

You don't have to look like the gentleman in the picture to be outdated—a worn or old-fashioned belt can be just as disastrous to your appearance. And, unfortunately, you are the last to know, for actually, you can barely see your belt at all, when you have it on.

Make this simple style test

Just tuck in your shirt and look down at your belt. You can hardly see more than just the edge—but others see the entire belt with its worn appearance and old-fashioned styling. Certainly, if you saw your belt as others see it, you'd change it more often, and you'd change to "Paris,"* the modern belt. Select yours, today.



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JAZZ

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RESULTFULNESS

Just about everyone seems to be Chet Baker. Who was born along the same trail as Playboy and has had adventures on Playboy's page for a good while, now. The coincidence is that Chet Baker was a popularity status piece before his day at Playboy.

Chet Baker, the Playboy, is for the young in spirit, who share some with the star, short humor. That's all it is "Resultfulness." On, man and off. We appreciate the thousands of letters and orders you've sent us when you didn't find Chet in your local store.

So do a favor. Ask your druggist or work Chet's Wax for you. He and his Wholesale will get it for you if you insist. Stand your ground — he'll hear — he'll come through. That's one big reason we continue to advertise in Playboy — and we'd like to think that Playboy will spend the dough on a pretty Playboy.

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This includes checking the rooms while the students are in classes for such things as beer cans, girls (it is an all male campus) and, most of all, obscene or decent pictures, such as are characteristic of your publication.

When I find a room with one or these tend pictures adorning the walls, I'll remove them, leave the student a warning notice. If he's so bad that the rules he is subject to dismiss him from college I might add. I was forced to dismiss four students last month as a result of your publication.

Another distressing feature of your magazine is the articles you run on how to achieve women and other such degenerate subjects. This is not the type of thing we wish our students to read in their off hours. Every article you run of that nature is lowering the standards of our fine educational system, and I think it is high time you realized that and did something about it. May I offer the following suggestion?

Do not accept any subscriptions from campus addresses. Do not allow any of your paid carbon to be sold to college towns. This will greatly aid in cutting down on the lowbrow tendencies of our students. I am certain that the majority of the college students in this fine country only would want it this way.

James D. Wilkinson
Resident Council
Calif. Polytechnic College
San Luis Obispo, California

We'd really welcome the opportunity of answering a card with opinions like these, but this letter is so positively phony there really isn't any point.

PLAYBOY AT DENVER

PLAYBOY is certainly popular here on the campus of Denver University. I have asked the several newsstands around campus and they all tell me the same thing, PLAYBOY outsells all their other magazines three-to-one. A bar has opened in Denver called the Playboy Lounge and has a big neon sign of your rabbit as a trademark.

Meyer Saltzman
University of Denver
Denver, Colorado

VODKA

This writer wishes very much that Mr. Thomas Mario, who writes so enticingly on French wines, would supply some explanation as to how the genuine Russian vodka is made, including its ingredients. Some years ago, when the writer had living a very dear friend a T. S. Government official, whose father was a Russian and whose father was an American, we discussed when in New York City at the famous Russian Eagle. There everyone held that the base of pure Russian vodka is the finest production was stale bread, fermented or treated in some way. We wonder if your food and drink editor considers this to be the case? Does bread in any degree of staleness or fermentation enter into the production of pure vodka?

As vodka has now become a popular drink in our country, and as we are

always interested in PLAYBOY's technical articles on food and drink, will you kindly supply us with some information relative to both the Russian and American vodka brands? We greatly enjoy PLAYBOY and look forward to your continued success with a glass of real vodka.

Charles G. Breuer

Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Though it is possible that bread might be used as a base, true Russian vodka was made from rye and barley malt, no potatoes and maize are used as the staple raw materials, with green rye stalks in place of barley malt. Thomas Mario can elaborate further in this article.

GIANT PLAYMATE

We haven't missed an issue of PLAYBOY yet but we do have a sort of complaint. With your three-page Playmates, we are running out of wall space very fast.

Kenny and Harvey

Alma L. pol. 11
R.R. number 2 • Webster 2-7200
Troy, New York

PLAYBOY REUNION

Strange as the ways of fate. Lives cross and sometimes rarely comes during their brief span and I thought you might be interested in how a couple crossed again in the pages of PLAYBOY.

This afternoon while browsing the newsstands, I spotted your June issue. Reminiscing from my May copy last, an old friend Ray Bradbury was to have a story therein. I purchased same. I bought it, packed it home, and then when settled in a comfortable chair in moon, fully relaxed and in a fit state of mind to completely enjoy and savor PLAYBOY, I opened the cover. "I know!" The thunderbolt struck, for there, staring out at me from your inside cover was a picture of still another old friend, William Nolan, author of *The Deserndanger* (first p. Now that, for me, was a most enjoyable occasion, for though you are or may not know it, Bill is also called Ray Bradbury's "Boss" will also be one who edited a most professional and erudite booklet called *The Ray Bradbury* (p. 8 allude) and has his books together. This in itself is quite worthy but it doesn't end there. Bill's story deals with the publicity build-up of a new Hollywood star and the idea for this fiction developed out of the real build-up of the film beauty to be announced on your July issue—Maria English. And here's hangs my tale: I'd like to flash back to June of 1952 the scene is San Diego, California and Bill Nolan and I are responsible for the management of a West Coast convention of science fiction writers, editors and readers. Our guest of honor was already set. We had Ray Bradbury then busy rewriting his novella *Fahrenheit 451*, serialized in the first issues of PLAYBOY. But to still need a big publicity draw and finally hit on the idea of running a "Science Fiction Queen" at the convention. The girl we picked was—you guessed it Maria English. But alas, on the day of the convention, I (Pinstripes) called her for a special test and we had to keep her in a sales office. Also at that

convention four years ago were Charles (Black Country, *The Crooked Alan*) Beaumont and Richard (The Splendid Source) Matheson. Would you say we, at that time, had a good PLAYBOY assemblage?

Roger Nelson
Rockford, Illinois

HOO HA

Let me first of all make myself quite apparent—PLAYBOY is nothing more than a crude assortment of vulgarisms that must appeal to only the adolescent audience. Having years of learned experience and thus having made extensive research studies, I know that the balance of a body can be affected by a certain group of anaesthetic sensory type ganglia called the clavicle neophiles. These are nerves are usually located four or six millimeters above the position where the clavicle articulates with the vertebral column. They are adjacent to certain other fibers that reflect particular mental stimuli or impress on them those concerned with the normal social process. Whenever these nerves are disturbed the clavicular epiphyses are in turn affected by sharp reverberations within the spurious epiphyses, such that the normal extensibility of the body is disturbed. The resulting syndrome includes post orbital pains, laryngeal gurgulations, epigastric disturbances and diarrhea.

The point is that I estimate that about 90 percent of your readers suffer from this affliction, besides from the disturbance of hydrogen oxide in the cranial cavity.

Thurl Andrews
Kansas City, Kansas

Your rhombencephalons are full of gardenias!

SPORTS CAR RACING

Your article on sports cars was pretty good. Generally, you are right about American cars, but I didn't care much for your reference to Indianapolis "big ton." The Indy cars are the best racing machinery made in the U. S. They are undoubtedly open to the criticism that they can do only one thing, but they are only built to do one thing and they do that better than any other machine in the world. The Indy cars don't compete with the Grand Prix cars—they are not built to. The G.P. cars don't compete with the Indy cars—they are not built for that purpose.

Generally the Indy cars attain higher speeds than the G.P. cars because they are lighter (no gear boxes). They accelerate from relatively high speeds (90-95 in the turns to top speed. They only turn left, but man, do they turn left! They are built to lap a two-mile closed circuit track; in that field they are supreme.

Ferrari is planning an assault on the "500" this May. The entry a Ferrari engined Kurtis Kraft chassis. "If you can beat em."

Mercedes was interested in the "500" and sent none less than their famous

racing manager, Papa Alfred Neubauer and company. With the usual German proficiency, they checked everything. They requested the temperature readings, by hours, and humidity records for Indianapolis during the month of May for the past ten years. Then "When we come, we will take the lead on the second lap and hold it to the finish." Which meant that they would not come until according to their calculations, they could do just that. During the race that year, as we watched Lee Wallard roll around in his iron, we was heard to mutter "What acceleration what nerve, what skill?" By the way the silver arrows have yet to assault the brick oval.

You pick the two-mile closed circuit course and I'll take the Indianapolis one.

Ronald F. G. Gordan
New Orleans, Louisiana

PLAYBOY PHONY

Somebody where I work brings PLAYBOY to read and when there is nothing else, I read it too (God forbid that I should squander four-bucks of my own on such hogwash!). I like the PLAYBOY as much as anyone but the interest ends with her appearance. The stories are lousy, the articles stink, it is the only magazine on the newsstand that I can read cover to cover in 30 seconds! I am also as fond of a little intimacy with the opposite sex now and then as the next guy, but it is quite apparent to me that it is just about all you characters ever think about! The fact that you sell as many copies as you do only proves that the bunch is still around who used to read that crap written by some psycho named Mucks Spleen a few years ago.

If I may, I'd like to make a suggestion for future issues of PLAYBOY. Use paper that is soft and absorbent, like Scott Tissue, and publish PLAYBOY in roll form. In this way, PLAYBOY could serve the only purpose it is good for.

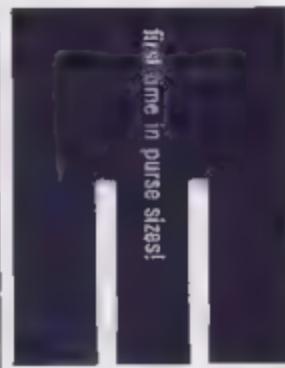
Robert H. Berg
Boulder City, Nevada

PLAYBOY FOR PEACE

Indeed! Because 1st, I sent Bill Smith a year's subscription to PLAYBOY at his apartment in Beverly Hills. He recently reported that his landlord, who had not permitted Wahines (females) in the apartments, was caught reading Bill magazine with the neighbor and enjoys it very much. Challenger! He can call his hat on Wahines.

2nd, Jerry Ross, who disliked his mother-in-law, came into the den and found her clutching over PLAYBOY, for they act on fire. 3rd, I took a recent issue along on a drive across Honolulu yesterday (we're vacationing here). While I got out to walk to the edge of a nearby miniatum. Upon returning we discovered our Japanese driver, who hadn't spoken a word of English till then, laughing and spluttering his fat little sides over what he found in PLAYBOY.

So the idea. Do you want to help the cause of peace in the world? Then send copies, charge them to me if you're not interested in saving the world, to the



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gents at the Kremlin, to Tito, the Chinese bosses and all the trouble makers of the world, including the boys in Egypt, Arabia and Syria. Start them all laughing over the same pages and a communal understanding may evolve that can embrace all languages and all beliefs. Then, through PLAYBOY, perhaps the world can find that peace. *Local*

Sam Shereco
Honolulu, Hawaii

FOLK SINGERS

I want to tell you how very much I appreciate your magazine. Your fiction is first rate and I particularly enjoy your articles on men's fashion. I followed your word on summer suits in the purchase of mine.

I have a request. You have had a number of articles on jazz and jazz singers—how about an article on folk singers, Stan Wilson, for instance or Josh White or Harry Belafonte. I am sure other readers would appreciate an article on any one of the three.

Scott Jackson
Petersburg, Virginia

ATTIRE

I have read the article *Fit To Be Tied* in your March issue. In the article you mention a rather dated publication on wearing and using of ties. Have often wondered if there is any recent volume on this subject and how and where to obtain it. Can you help?

John Armstrong
Et. Benning, Georgia

Suggest you write to *Wembley Tie Co., Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York City* or *Superior Grants* at the same address for more up-to-date information.

Your magazine is tops here at the University of Iowa. I acquired the PLAYBOY habit early and am now a devoted student.

I especially like your articles on attire, which are equalled by none. I find other men's magazines much too general and containing too much "continental" flavor. The East, in my opinion, will always set the pace for style and your articles contain plenty of specific information on what the New York advertising men and eastern college students are wearing.

As I am interested in art and taking some drawing courses here at the University, the illustrations by LeRoy Neiman that accompany your articles are of interest to me. His illustrations of the man at ease in a cotton madras dressing gown and that one on rainwear are really good. He seems to attain a "detailed casualness" that is distinctive from other illustrators.

Elton W. Runden
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

JUNE APPLAUSE

You had a beaut of a June issue. Wonderful satire in *The Dredger's Club* LP. That guy knows Hollywood. Mandel's *Last Gambit* was slick and enjoyable, as was your whole handling of chess. The cartoons were better than

ever. And Bradbury! What a guy. What a philosophical message draped in the best science fiction style. I can hardly believe it, but you're still getting better—all the way around.

Edward Dew
Bushkill, California

You'd better start printing one mil box and one copy. The girl friend has just read your magazine for the first time (I'm sure). In fact, she has it right now and I am sure there's going to be an argument at over who gets the issue first each month. One advance does not go along with a subscription for me for my birthday coming up in a few weeks. At any rate, chalk up a new fan from Cal, Ionia.

Don Smith
Palo Alto, California

We of the Hope Lodge Cultural Society for the Aesthetic Appreciation of Classical Literature are happy to announce that your personnel has met the



exacting specifications of our organization and has been classified as excellent reading material for college students. The accompanying photograph shows two members of our Critical Analysis Committee (Bill Mizrahi and Gary Houston) in deep concentration as they evaluate the merits of a recent issue. Con gratulations!

Gregory Archibald, Philip Marquardt,
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

PRaise FROM THE TIMES

In way of introduction I am on the city staff of *The New York Times*, for which I cover the borough of Brooklyn. I also do book reviews for the Sunday book supplement.

I admire the job you are doing with PLAYBOY. You seem to be hitting a market that has hitherto been pretty thoroughly unexploited. Most of the strictly men's magazines are big not with an eye on the telephone to repair furniture and the like, but in a star school audience. These are too much arrivée virility and too little respect for the fact that adult males have minds as well as biceps and libido. There aren't many breaches left in the magazine field but you seem to have stepped into one handsomely.

John M. Phillips
The New York Times
New York, New York

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



books

As we go to press, the spiritual leader of the Night People is looking for a sponsor. His name is Jean Shepherd, and he is (or was) the wee-hours d.j. of New York's WOR. "There's a great body of people who flower at night," according to Shepherd, "for night is the time people truly become individuals." Such folks, says he, "are embattled against the official, organized righteous Day People who are completely bound by their switchboards and their red tape." Shaking the Day People from their snug complacency is the dearest joy of the Night People, and to this noble end, Shepherd and his night-owl listeners recently conspired in creating a mythical historical novel by a non-existent author. Book store clerks (archetypal Day People), when asked by Shepherd-inspired Night People for *I, Libertine*, by Frederick R. Ewing, consulted their all-powerful lists and bumptiously informed the Night People that no such book or author existed. Their faith in Dayism was shattered when (a) requests for the tome poured in to bookstores in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Miami, Paris and Helsinki, (b) a Pennsylvania d.j. interviewed British-accented author "Ewing" over the air; (c) the title crept up in the books-to-be-published section of *The New York Times Book Review*; (d) the Catholic League of Decency banned it; (e) a confirmed Day Person (sub-species Librarian) found a copy for the book in the index of the Philadelphia Public Library (in the corner of the card appeared the strange device *Excelsior*, a favorite Shepherd battle cry); and (f) 25,000 copies of the book

itself miraculously appeared in bookstores everywhere.

This convincing touch was the eleventh hour transmogrification of late-nighter publisher Eric Ballantine. As we understand it, Mr. B. was fascinated by the hoax and recklessly confided to Shepherd that he'd publish the book if only someone would write it. Shepherd's crony, science-fictioner Ted Sturgeon, said "I'll write it!" — and he did, in 30 days. Shepherd, heavily disguised as Frederick R. Ewing, appears on the back cover of the book that became reality, and although it unfortunately reads like the rush job it was, is *I, Libertine* (Ballantine, \$3 paper, \$2 hardbound) is a memoir he collects' items and a tribute to that cult of night-blooming non-conformists in which *PLAYBOY* proudly claims membership. Maybe by the time we hit the newsstands Jean will have found a wise paternal sponsor. We hope so, but if not, let's raise a cry to restore the High Priest of Nightism to office. All together, now, *E-schew!*

A hunky percentage of mad dogs and Englishmen may go out in the muggy sun but British critic V. S. Pritchett prefers the big 25 days in London town. You can see for yourself in *The Song, Sense of Human and Other Stories* (Knopf \$3.50), in which the distinguished British wheel out a ram-bull of burrata, back-alley Jamesians named blokes like Hubert Timberside and Mr. Pock. In this heat of all possible worlds where people are "popping" in and out of the sack, Pritchett describes in his penetrating scribe the laughable Mr. Philimore who "suggested the frantic, yelping disorganized expression of a copulating dog," a minister's daughter who asks "when you've lived with someone for ten years, and he pays the rent and keeps you, he is your husband, isn't he?" plus a wide assortment of other fantastic fauna. Pritchett's slogan might well be

taken from the title of one of his own stories: *You Make Your Own Life*.

Among the paperbacks, the Army reminiscences of *PLAYBOY* cartoonist Shel Silverstein may be sampled via his curiously titled *Crab Yarn Socks* for which Bill Mauldin wrote the intro (Ballantine, 55c) . . . "The power to amuse and, if possible, to fascinate" that is the yardstick *New Republic*'s strangelist Eric Bentley has used in selecting five plays *From the American Drama* (Anthon \$1.25). Saroyan and Wilder are included, but O'Neill's *Death of a Salesman* and Williams are not; the chosen plays (among them Eulich's *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* and Langston Mitchell's *The New Task Men*) "move," attending to Bentley "with the swing of the American life-style." *Surprise*, the *abattoir of Guys and Dolls*, packed because "possibly it is the best of all American musical comedies" . . . and because "musical comedy is today the most lively part of the American theatre."

The collaborative habits of the denizens of the deltas are reported in *A Long Coat Story* (Little, Brown, \$3.50) by the old master Krishna Caluwell. Here are 218 pages of adventures and sex, music and sex, child brides and sex, etc. mated in the local, stager style that has become associated with the author of *Tolucco Road* and *Goof's Little Acre*. Two of the tales first saw the light of day in *PLAYBOY*.

To enjoy Margaret Coonan's *Jean Cocteau* (Knopf, \$5), a biography of the fiery darling of the fashionable arts, you don't have to be familiar with the galaxy of oddball talents that has kept the avant-garde sky of Europe lured in these past 40 years — but it sure helps. It also helps, and may even be a requisite, to have some prior interest in Cocteau and his works, because this is a sober sides

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and serious — and rather woodenly written — study of the man, rather than an evocation of the glamorous realms of ballet, theater, films, music, painting and literature in which he romped and worked. It's a worthy effort, but for contemporary American audiences a seasoning from the ample space available in the man's life and milieu would have been welcome.

Cousteau, as you undoubtedly know, enjoys an international reputation for being an important figure in environmentalism, which in him has some laudable effort being *The Breath of a Port*. But closer to his native Paris his name has been identified with virtually all the arts. Yet here is his response to his life as his French peer writers and his commanding position in that bourgeois world where for this and society at large he's enjoyed greater notoriety as a personality — even a character — than fame as an artist. It was a mixed and sometimes frayed collection of artists and dilettantes of which Cousteau was a sort of mascot. In his youth, in fact, he was a bit lop-sided and dandified, what the French call *les rond*. His biographer does not actually gloss over much of this but her concern is to reveal the artist behind the façade and to demonstrate that he successfully applied his talent in many fields, with the underlying aim of unfreeing the *iris*. She also presents convincing evidence that despite the seeming dispersion of his energies in all directions at once he produced a prodigious amount of fresh and original work: the book has a bibliography which runs to some twelve pages to prove it.

You've heard a lot of it before, but you still might get a whiff out of *Hell and the Special Mission*. My money (double day \$2.95), a series of interviews with press agents, photohgraphers, studio moguls, Sir Lawrence Olivier and, of course, the quotable laura herself, Pete Martin asks the questions and out of them all comes the Monroe dictum "I just want to be wonderful." For those who get bored with the pose, there are 93 nicely-exposed photographs.

Can a writer play eight not-very-varied variations on the same theme with out inducing in the reader a feeling of ennui? The question is raised by Al Ibert Moravia's first collection of short stories to be published here, *Bitter Honeydew and Other Stories* (Barat, Straus & Cardini \$3.50), a collection of morbidly sexual, obsessively repetitive tales in which the anatomy of love plays second fiddle to the anatomical urge to erotic entanglements. The answer to the question is unfortunately no — but with reservations and the reservations raise a further question. Like this: is Moravia a writer whose stories should be collected and read consecutively with nothing between? Here the answer is a flat no, books of short stories by the same author require, for uninterrupted reading, a variety of some sort, theme, to afford pace plot, characters, scene. Moravia is strictly a Johnson City Note.

The stories concern themselves with, among others, these situations: a reluc-

tant prostitute's encounter with a British officer; a confused bride's troubles with communism and virginity; a man tested and tormented by a hellion ex-wife; the failure of a couple to repair a fractured marriage.

A final question is whether these stories, singly are worth perusal. Here we have a qualified yes: they vary in excellence but they're all finely wrought and basically insightful. Still, the reader may wonder whether Moravia sits in a the in bush series of the word.



dining
drinking

The Grand Royal of St. Louis Park Plaza Hotel (at the King Highway or travel to Forest Park) is a grand hotel working in which to sample some elegant eating. Emphasis here is on the haute cuisine delivered to your table whenever possible on a floating island where braised squash, roast rack of lamb, persillade Chacourian, Bearnaise and other gastronomical glories. We found the Rock Cornish game hen with a peregrine sauce (sherry, truffles, shallots) and stuffed with wild rice to be something that cuts up on Mount Olympus might have fought over. Auguste Saabell the Paris born food connoisseur, confided to us that the secret of serving fine meats and fowl is in the laying, and heavingly declared that his knees shout out their numbers loud and strong at the nearby Chicago stockyards. M. Saabell also told us that there is no continental dish that is not available at the Grand Royal, but for some inexplicable reason the room's decor is Japanese. Well anyway, a two piece, wavy, white while silk robe and there's a multi-vintage wine cellar. Open every night.

In New Orleans, even the coffee and doughnuts come sprinkled with tradition. The Morning Call, a late-day dunkery sitting on the corner of Decatur and Toulouse since 1870, stays open 24 hours a day and dispenses flights of bawdy brew and its famous square cookies for today's mostly \$1.00. If you're whipping up your own pot to ride to the Morning Call but we can't guarantee it'll rival the McCay unless you use Mississippi River water (somehow distilled) and a couple of breaths of Vieus Carré atmosphere in the process. And here goes: dip your regular brown coffee triple strength, boil up some milk and pour it in after it's in the cup from a height of one foot to put a head on the froth, using slightly more milk than coffee. O'Brien's Edmont and Alvin Journe confide that they too is in a bit of a tussle to their blend for a special hit. But not even the joker who mixes up the doughnuts knows the recipe for those; Ed and Al mix it secretly at home, in the dead of night. Don't wait until Christmas before calling at the Morning Call. That's the only day it's closed.

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CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS



Snack in the heart of Philadelphia's nighthawk belt, Jack Lynch has opened his Living Room (Locust at Chestnut, in the Hotel Row) a sort of inspired afterthought to the adjoining Tabu Supper Club and just about the coolest hutch in town. We settled deeply into a divan while a willowy waitress (in evening gown) scurried over with the usual. Everywhere about us, couples were chafing at ease in the comfort of over padded sofas and easy chairs grouped around low coffee tables. The white-paneled decor is intended to suggest the Deep South and that's what it does. To keep it rustic rather than stuffy, there's a couple of keyboard carolers (Wes Bonnell and Paula Watson) who play oldies at a preposterous ebbos and gold grand piano. They'll sing you a requiem as if they couldn't be more delighted. It's a quiet, intimate spot to take your date or elegant let's-talk-it-over friend in which to decide what's next and where. Open from five every day but Sunday.

about as different as can be. *Lord of the Capots* (London LT 1720) presents the Shearing Quartet with what is called a choir of stringed instruments. If you can't imagine Shearing letting himself to a capitol, schmatzy, saccharine treatment of some perfectly respectable music, you'll have a wider idea of your neighbor when you hear this one, which is less dull, orchestral and more or less intelligent, and might have sat trilly here instead. *Music to Make a Silly Girl Cry* (B. B. concert) the Shearing we know and admire shrugs through in *Silence, My Request* (London LT 1935), in which he wonderful a day and original style is displayed as in a physiognomy collection. All the members in this one by the way were exiled during or just after World War II.

Rendevous (Held Eagle — no feeling, -71) is a French humor film by Claude Dauphin, the screen star profiling bedroom banter and consumptive sexuals aimed at making a lady's thermal heart pumping. Most of the time, Dauphin comes through like Pepé le Pew that persistent, never-pinned stink of cartoon lame and the result is trial court à la française. Sample: "Alo, da link, are you so lively in sex? I do not want you to think about summer when you are out in the sun." Clever, eh?

Name your favori Verdù! Puccini's *Mascagni*, Leoncavallo, *Antony et Cleopatra* and *Richard III* by all means of these names-billers are negotiate with gusto and brilliancy on *Maria del Marques Operatic Recital* #3 (London LLL 1333) an even dozen tenor giblets from Otelio, *Aida*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Fafhrd* and *Mowgli Lassan*. A sturdy among the grand old operas chesterous heteren is *Pas vite amai* (in which asia usually cut from *Regolatina* and a preppy little cut from *Regolatina* by Signore *Mamaco* and a bunch u. his tercets spear notes.

As that age shall and resemble comrade
and Sarah Vaughan can be heard on *It's
About Time* (Mercury 20009) in the
bars of Frank Holiday's Chicago
spa that gave Miss Vaughan (one
more name) her big start toward
the time. This is sufficient to give an
impression of LP 101, but, as we are
properly enough, it is far from being
it. For a number of the *Four
Play* tracks the band has moved on pro-
misingly enough. Tenderness and *I
Don't Know Why* will be recent know-
why for both to sing the 30's with
such a punk background orchestra (con-
ducted by Hugo Peretti) a mawkish
weeping collection of illiterate fiddle
phrases who truly wash up the whole
business. (I remember when Sarah
used to sing in front of her jazz orchestra

Next in rating comes the one that popular sports on this side have always been quiddling, wendling and wanging and never have these three art forms attained a higher level of perfection than among the German *Studenten* of

the middle ages. German University Songs (Vanguard 477) is a roaring collection of that period's booz-hooches, each a paean to the innate goodness of good beer, good buddies and big bosoms. Included are such trash-busting ballads as *Der Hölle Tschelklem* (*The Innkeeper's Daughter*) and *Der Herl* as well as the little ditty *Johannes*. Brahms' fiddle for his *Academic Festival Overture* — *Contrafactum* — every hooch included in German by brawling bawling Bach kumz abetted by the entire male chorus and orchestra of the Vienna Volkssoper and you couldn't ask for a more rousing, ribald and thoroughly apolitical song fest. Complete texts and translations are tossed in.

A couple of discs from two competing con men in private comparison, *The Music of Alex Wilder* (Columbia CL 887) is first on the A side which was originally recorded as a 78 rpm a few years ago and still makes good. Excusing Wilder's slick, pseudochromatic pieces in clude arias for banjo, blues on anglo and else — *Slow Lure* and your favorite *A Friend and Foothold* (this a vaguely B topic) by SWEET and SWEET with hot interludes and solo passages for harpsichord. The TEASING hours song fascinating titles (*His First Long Pants*, *It's Still, Feel It!*) for some less-than-fascinating musical meanderings by the same smart Alex Wilder who was also impaled in the *Two Poems of Color* (Capitol W735), a pile of muddle mostly by composers of the Victor Young-Cordell Jenkins cat, portraying the hues of the spectrum as interpreted by the verbiage of one Norman Mailer, a radio writer whose belligerent poetry appears on the sleeve. Both the Columbia and Capitol platters have a gummuck in common: they're conducted by Frank (it says here) Sartori.

Five fine discs for the discerning: *The Jon Endley Seven* (Prestige 7058) is a modern jazz at its d'artiste and Jon's a master technician in trumpet; *Capitol 888*, *Drummer Man* (Verve 2008) dishes up k. ips with Milt O'Day and Roy and the 44th with that used to swing beautifully together in the 40s; all doing real well, but for me money Roy's vital trumpet steals the show. *Primo Interpretations* (Norgran 1027) presents Bud Powell who ups to his 88 and proves that romantic music can be got from steel k. ips via sensitive techniques and superb musicianship. *Red Mitchell* (Bethlehem 389) gives us that weighty haiku affected by such soloists as Hampton Hawes, all gassy great guns. *Flutes on Flute* (EmArcy 36064) presents Terry Gibbs in a quiet melodic mood, the velvet being provided by five saxes which create a background to the honed vibes, riding up to a willowy wailing which woos would do well to keep handy for that moment.

We heard two kinds of Bach this month. The old-fashioned sort is preferred by grand old harpsichordist Wanda Landowska on 15 *Two Part Inventions*, coupled with *Concerto in D*

Minor (Victor LM 1974). The bare bones of Bach, denuded of melody, are revealed in all their rhythmic architecture on *Bach for Percussion* (Audio Fidelity 1812), two fugues and two canons transcribed for five guys clattering conga drums, claves, castanets, wood and temple blocks, switches, maracas, tin foil, songs and bongos, under the sway of Harold Clark. The results is weird, infectious and uncomfortable by turns. These boys succeed in reducing the ultracivilized Bach to a welter of compulsive sounds more primitive than those offered by Albert Mangano and his African Ensemble on *An African in Rhythm* (Vanguard VRS 7032), a 10-inch LP of native songs from the big bend of Africa's west coast, the Cameroons. I like the Bach because this one has vocals, with such curiously cosmopolitan lyrics as *On Range Mayo Atuelama (The Brother-in-Law is a Little Self-Satisfied)*. Both of these drum discs are great for peppling up a party or showing off your rig.



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the receipts from its longtime tenant *Uncle Fudge*. You can see Chekhov's funny business for a sensible \$3.85 top. The Circle in the Square (360 Ave. B/6th St.) is currently feeding The Laramie Incident to the 170-old gathered crowds around the stage. Price is four backs maximum.

Other world-watching stages away from Broadway (or Mabals) include the Downtowner Theatre (83 E. 4th), The Provincetown Playhouse (133 MacDougal), The Lenox Hill Players (265 W. 86th), The Cherry Lane Theatre (38 Commerce St.) and Acme's Playhouse (Sheridan Square). Of special note is the *Van* in Opera Theatre (139 Bleecker St.) which does not the year I still credit this well and admission is - of all things - although a deep opera hat is passed at the end of each performance



films

Cinemaddicts who enjoyed Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing* mentioned here as month will be glad to learn that French director Jules Dassin damn near out-Kubrick Kubrick with his eerie trapping *Rafifi*. This, too, is the case history of a heist through which you'll be rooting for the robbers all the way. It's come to a sticky end, of course, and a darts game too because they're really a nice bunch of guys. We liked the girlfriends, also, especially the one in the transparent nightie.

Playing painter Vincent Van Gogh in *Fast for Life*, Kirk Douglas never had it so bad. He sells, rants, pops his eyes, tears his chest says off his ear and van Gogh's demons raves that art is hell and nobody understands real talent. Fast does well with excellent location photography and a collection of Van Gogh originals pegged to the story line (from the same name book by Irving Stone). But the overall tone of unrelieved frustration and despair makes everything seem gray despite the Technicolor.

Colditz (see *mid* status) has been an ongoing, often dull cold case since Hattie Carnegie had struggled over the Alps, but if *Private Progress* may be believed, the British Army entered the market during W.W. II. The picture begins with the proud announcement that the producers are grateful for the cooperation of absolutely nobody, and then focuses on the military career of James Stewart. The Carmichael cast is a proper Oscar contingent in the mists of the If I 2. His superiors include a medical officer with a perpetual cold, a psychologist with a fatal tic, a major who sneaks off to the cinema only to discover his culture company had sneaked there before him etc. Carmichael via the most mutations of arch-villain Dennis Price does finally get into the thick of things, however, there's - and behind German

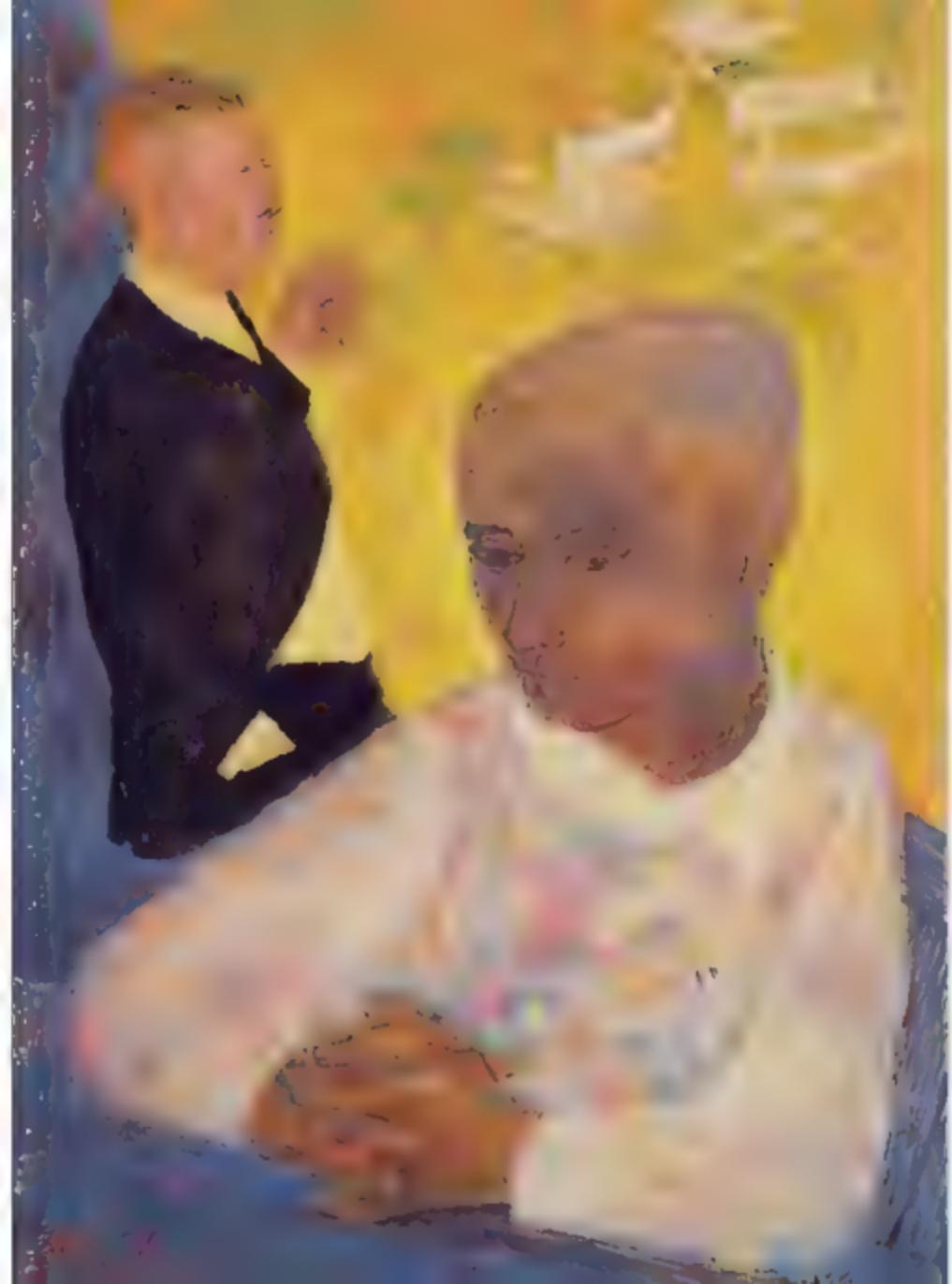
lines for the sole purpose of setting art treasures for the black market. Carmichael succeeds in creating a character in the noble tradition of Pastel Schneid Hargrove, Sad Sack Wily & Joe, Ensign Pulver, Gimmer Ach and all the other folk heroes of the armed forces.

If the panels on page 80 where you appear for science-fiction films, you may be tempted to laugh two recent examples of this vigorous genre that have a couple of things in common: execrable technical effects and innumerable dull humans. *Godzilla*, King of the Monsters, is a Japanese effort about a 100-ton steppenwolf who smashes Tokyo to rubble and also emits a kind of hub bub that kills seed germs and heavy machinery. Good, clean fun intermittently interrupted by some splintered on Stateside lounge involving Raymond Burr sipping on a pipe and looking thoughtfully *Earth as the Flying Saucer* contains some of the shakiest science-fiction we've seen (saucers hovering convincingly over real McWayne estates), interlaced with cogid-edited shots of scale models of the Smithsonian Institution's Washington Monument and the Capitol Building going ping pulverized by the bad guys. If you're a market for movie leg cramps, you'll get a charge out of these two flicks - providing you can stay awake through the flesh and blood stuff.

William Inge's Broadway success *Bus Stop* used a gemlock older than the proverbial hills, take a group of one-dimensional characters from varying social strata, stand them a some God forsaken spot and watch them argue. What resulted was often dramatic, funny and full of pathos, but just as often crass and vulgar.

Well, Hollywood purchased this popular pot of paps, emasculated it, and then proceeded to shoot it full of its own brand of hormones. The docum was George Axelrod's *Seven Year Itch* and *Rock Hunter* fame (and to no mind a better pas-pug than Inge). The complete *inert* quality leaves with the *lubid* Axelrod's *Inge*'s original and difficult scenes then being done by a lesser agent of *inert*. Axelrod has wisely chosen to drop the threatening philosophy and enlarge upon the more striking facet in the play - the humorous conflict arising between the uninitiated uninvited cow-poke Beauregard and the pseudogenetic "chamions" who bring her a dress herself. *Clarie*. The bright of this revitalized effort now all on the two topnotch in these roles. Don Murray as Beauregard is a likeable loutthough except for one or two occasions when his gaudy enthusiasm seems forced and affected. And Mrs. Arthur Miller as *Clarie*, is an extremely pleasant surprise. Severalla has, through some kind of metamorphosis, become an *Actress* (the character may admittedly be a close counterpart of her own real persona). *Bus Stop* to sum up is one hell of a swell way to spend an evening.





The Right Kind of Pride

in the fraternity, you could do whatever you wanted—as long as Allen approved

fiction BY HERBERT GOLD

ALLEN TURNER, a busy man with creamy cheeks and a rapid, decisive speech, tempered his hard duty by smiling with the sadness of a clock. The face supported the smile broadened magnificently with approval of his words. He smiled past a missing tooth. "You don't play poker? OK," he said to Dan Shaper, "you don't have to. This is the free democratic world. You don't like the programs the fellows all like? Okay, the TV isn't a law, just for recreation. You had a ticket to the last game and you didn't go? It's your privilege. But boy," he added merrily, "you don't ever play poker."

Dan Shaper bowed his head before this correction, just and measured as it was, administered by the President of the Chapter. Modestly he showed Allen the ridges of his scalp. His hair was growing back in little pinefeathers after a year's shave. He no longer wore the orange.

Very friendly and fraternal, Allen went on with Allen's important phrases. Prepare for positive living, develop the social side, getting along, being well-liked, and good contacts. Allen had risen to high office in his junior year. The voice faded in strongly "We got蒙茅斯 men who listen to us, we got G.M. men. We got Allis-Chalmers in our pocket, boy."

He paused. Now it was up to Dan to say something. Smiling, nodding, pull-

ing the lobe of one ear, all excellent chapter spirit, Allen extenuated him to confess error and forthrightly resolve upon virtue. Allen put his tongue in the empty socket where he had lost a tooth. Patiently he sucked. He waited.

Skinny, quick, carefully controlled, Dan Shaper had searched about, hungering, during his first year at college. The winter had been sad—like his own vacant, fatherless home. The first spring had been desperate—like the mood of his mother when she remembered how watching the fraternity boys in easy fellowship with each other, or strutting confidently with their girls, had grinded his teeth to say, *No, no, stop!* He would not carry his isolation through college with him.

The hungering shone in his eyes as ardent energy. He was both clever and shy and yet had a touch of the easy living manners of the father he barely remembered. Before long he was asked again, and this time he joined, and now he wanted to be liked by these friends who had tested him for virtue and performance, appraised him for display, and finally induced him into brotherhood. They depended upon him to be one of the group; it was nice to be needed. He turned from the dark panels of the rec room to the striped leather couches, the collapsing ping-pong table, and the familiar lounging forms before the TV at one end of the

long room and about the study table at the other end. It was an easy place, warm as kitchen life. His loneliness had been a terrible thing.

Allen abruptly stopped waiting. "Well? What's there to think about?"

"I wish," said Dan, and let Allen interrupt him.

"Do I think I'm telling you this just because I'm responsible for the whole Chapter?" Allen said. "I'm speaking as a friend, duty aside. I voted for you personally."

With an effort Dan raised his eyes to Allen's. "I really appreciate how you took me in. I never expected—"

"Don't misunderstand me, boy," Allen insisted. "We like you to be serious, a scholarship student. How much your old man has in the bank or sound common stocks don't matter so much. The war changed all that. We need balance in the Chapter—we already had athletes, old-type fraternals, big men in athletics like me, that element there. We need you the way you are. Danny boy? But one and the same you got to show your true colors for being one of us—

"I know. I'm learning," Dan said to this very mature young man.

"Let me finish, please." For the first time Allen's voice turned sharp and cold and the smile faded into a quirk of tonguing the empty socket. "I was talking to you, boy, so you listen here to me now. Your individualism goes too far

It's not constructive. If you want to be a loner, like I mean dating townies like that girl, you didn't have to join the Chapter. Nobody twisted your arm. In this modicum free world, we all do whatever we want, but when we decide, we got to take the consequences." The smile returned with his monolog calm. He patted Dan on the back. "That's all I have to say, boy." He nodded encouragingly. "Now you talk.

Allen gave him this moment for confession and repentence. To humiliate himself just a bit would establish the old good-feeling, that sense of responsibility to a group upon which every mortal man's health depends. Allen was big enough to forgive and forget on behalf of all the boys, and say no more about it, if only Dan could find the right words — shy and modest ones, but Stewart all the same, in the best traditions of the fraternity. Again Dan tried to meet his eyes, failed again, and said in haste and uncharacteristically, wishing only that Allen would stop sucking the empty socket in his gums:

"All right all right, I'll play poker with the fellows next time."

Lucille lived below the hill from campus. To save bus fare Dan made the long walk on foot down that coppery strewn slope toward the darker town autumn with its leaves flying to the gutters. His trouble made the walk seem less long. He wanted time to think out Allen's Turner and the fraternity and why he needed them.

At the curb part way into town someone was vainly trying to start an automobile, working the sick battery, roo-uum, roo-uum, while a thick blizzard of wet leaves clung to the roof and other stray leaves mortified the hand. The man fussed, mouth working, feet and hands punching, sweating ferociously in his topcoat, polished the stiffer button and gus pedals without mercy.

Dan shrank his head, walking through leaves and leaves, cold and burning. He would do anything to hold on now. He could give up Allen and the others, yes, he could do that — if he could not let them give him up.

The mark of the Yankee he shuddered. And smiled at his self-conscious college-boy naming of the thought. At home they wouldn't call themselves Yankees; they were just *wabashers* all besides, the warmth and laughter of the *Hi-Jo* was something for which he had been searching since the news came that his father had gone down over *Calais*.

The evening with Lucille went badly. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded almost at once, knowing that he was not all for her tonight.

Despite her lovely, pale, almost alabaster hair, worn unfashionably long, despite her huge eyes of that magical blue which can change in an instant from a wistful withdrawal to an ardent summer sky azure, she was gawky and shy herself, needing great tenderness from him before she could give him any of her own. A townie, grown up to warnings about the college boys on the hill,

They only want what they want, and then they marry back home or one of the swarthy girls. "Dan? Don't you like me tonight?" she asked. "You thinking about someone else?"

"No, ma. I like you very much." How could he like anyone but this tall, long-waisted, shivery and quiet girl?

"You don't even look at me or call me Lucille. I'm tired. I need to go to bed early tonight."

"I would, but it's not go back yet. Please.

"I want to go home. Dan. You don't even say you like my dress. I worked on it all day. I wanted something new to wear for Saturday."

"Lucille, wait, you're not giving me a chance about anything."

"I'm sorry, I guess I'm just tired. I thought you could make me feel better."

He heard the pleading shrillness of his own voice. "Then let me try," — and knew it was no good. Would you like to stop for — ?"

"I want to go home right now, Dan."

She permitted her hand to rest on his without grasping it. He did not let her go, fearing the moment when she would no longer be with him, even in this bad way with him. And almost her last words were, as he humbled and pressed claspedly against her at the door, her shyness turned to pushing, his need brutally crowding her, turning her away as he versatility like any stupid youth. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing you can't help!"

For the time of a single falling breath beneath his mouth, her body went soft and split, like a ripe plum under the madsummer blane — then she gasped, sufficing her reply to move anger and elbow. She beat at his chest with both fists. He fell away.

"I'm sorry. I'm not myself, Lucille. I'm sorry."

She was furious, aroused despite her self, shivering in her new dress, and made still more cold and distant by flight at her secret aide of response to his strange violence. "Stop it! Is this the way they tell you to handle the townsfolk? Oh I know you!" — and she used a garish word which he hated. "Do you have to get grabby? Now stop it."

I, I, I, he started to say, wanting to tell her of his trouble, trouble up on the hill at the House and now trouble in town with her, but he lost the strength for explanations. A girl is a mystery, and says grabby when you turn all the way to her because you are a stranger to yourself.

He had shown disrespect to his date. All right, then give her a dose of courtesy.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She relaxed at the return of his shyness. She worked against her own heavy breathing. "That's all right. Please don't say it like that I wish . . . Never mind."

"Good night, Lucille."

She gave him her lips chastely to kiss. He leaned forward, lightly encircling her shoulders in his arms, with only the heat of his mouth reminiscent of the brutal straining of a few moments ago. Despite herself, Lucille regretted that harsh severe person so abruptly fled,

but she could only ask once more, "Dan, whatever is the matter with you tonight?"

On his long walk back up the hill, the sleek sweat started again under his new suit, and the chill breezes made him feel feverish. Yes, it's true that trouble, once finding a door, sprawls and breathes freely in every corner of a man's life. Trouble with Allen and the Chapter led to trouble with Lucille, and these troubles made it hard to study, and troubles with his scholarship were surely due. All this made it difficult to write home — that trouble with his mother. And the thought of it turned him hot, turned him cold, and what if he caught some disease, the flu or something, and had to take to bed?

"Nah" he decided. He would not look for release by illness. He resolved to stop perspiring in this stop-and-start way, not to catch a germ, not to do it. He paused near the car with the bad battery, glistening under its wet fringe of leaves, unmoved, shut, abandoned beneath the streetlight. Someone had cursed; someone had failed and gone away. He made himself smile.

Better, better. He would call Lucille tomorrow, and maybe send her a box of candy with a note composed now, before bed, to tell her how he felt about her. It must be earnest her elegant, something she might even want to whisper over proudly with her best friend — and yet a world take as lonely sense from their gathered memories together of a fair dark autumn. (One night, after walking so late that it was down when they stopped, they had gone to have breakfast together in a steaming early morning restaurant. Very precisely caring for him, she had buttered his toast, sliced it, and offered him the warm bread with a smile which, more than any other gesture, promised that she might someday be his.) As he wrote, he thought of her tender, tilted grace when she buttered toast for him. She would understand his stammering. Wanting him as he needed her, the someday was already and now. Or so they thought both felt.

The letter was painfully made up, working to tell the truth without spoiling it, difficult. Writing or her helped him to remember and hold on.

He sat awhile at the table downstairs in the rec room. Most of the men were still out on their Saturday dates, but the few who were playing cards left him in peace. He was grateful for that, said goodnight without interrupting their game, and went up to bed.

I usually the brothers lay slumped on Sunday mornings, but when Dan went to the House kitchen to make his coffee, he found Allen long awake, waiting for him near the stove, dressed, combed with much water, his face cheerful at the cheeks and wet at the temples.

"Find a good date?" Allen asked. "The fellows say you got in before midnight. What's the matter, that girl of yours having her sick days? Why were you in bed so long? Dreaming? Or were you (continued on page 25)

THE FOOTBALL BLANKET

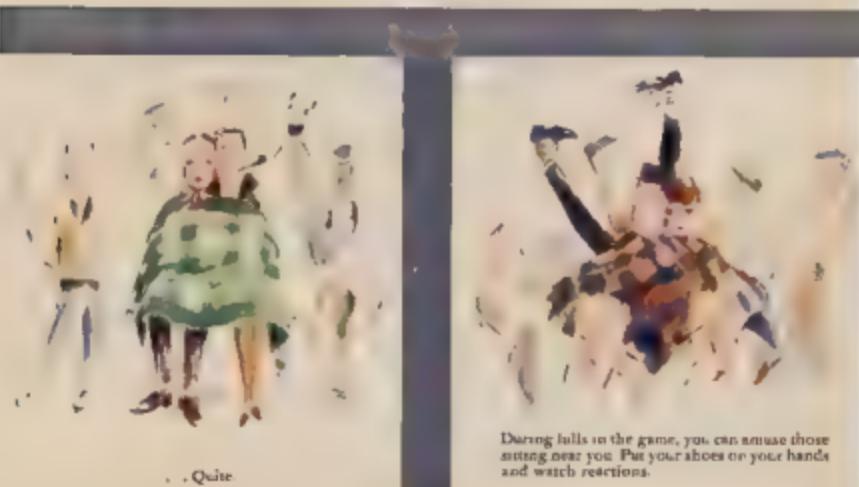
by

JACK COLE

*it can be
almost as much fun as
the game itself*



Don't let cold weather lessen your enjoyment of the football season. With a little practice, life under a blanket can be quite pleasant.



... Quite

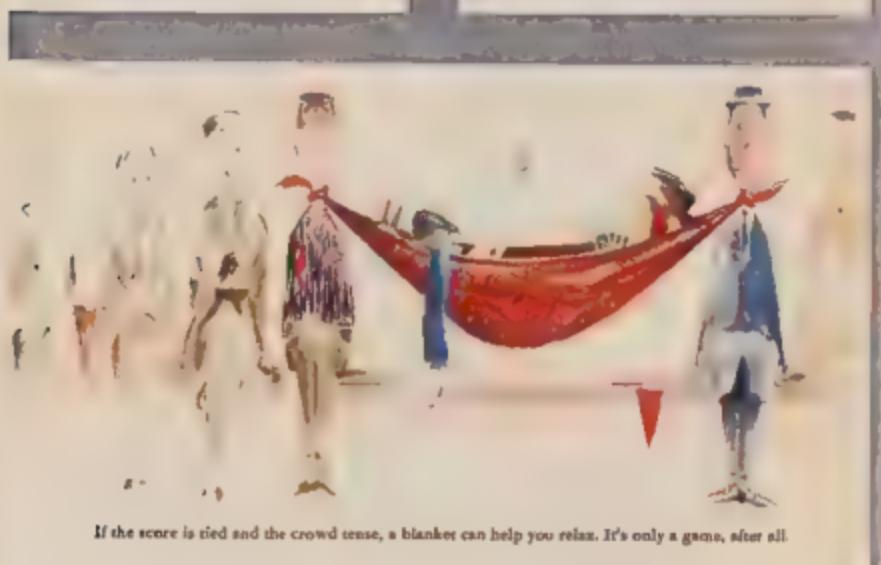
During lulls in the game, you can amuse those sitting near you. Put your shoes on your hands and watch reactions.



If you don't own a Land Camera, a blanket makes a nifty little darkroom for developing game pics and stuff



The old doubled fist addendum is always good for a laugh, though you run the risk of a doubled fist right in the kisser



If the score is tied and the crowd tense, a blanket can help you relax. It's only a game, after all.



Keep an eye on those along the sidelines who might try to get into the game.



A blanket is just the ticket for camouflaging endings of your own, however.



And as the sun sinks slowly in the west (where else!) we reluctantly leave this blanket heaven and return once more to the planet Earth.

shake and thinking, boy?"

"Thinking about what?" Dan flushed. He had tensed hotly, unwilling to be seen Sunday, yes, and thinking of Lucille.

"About what I said—my frenemy ad—"

"Sure," Dan agreed, dryly working the sound into a joke. "It's His—singer, but Lucille was right, too. I then and there even more or less the alarm rang. I'm not fit to—clan. I joined the fraternity because I was alone, he would explain. Well, I'm just another tourist, she would say. I wouldn't know about that. You feel better now? And he would answer very simply, responsible to her need. I've met you, Lucille. And she would say . . .

Allen elbowed the fantasy away. "Well, thinking isn't enough in this modicum world," he continued. "When I analyzed your problem for you, boy, I wasn't just twirling around—issue of the uttermost importance. You got to straighten up and fly right. I'm telling you brother to brother, not because I'm President of the Chapter."

"OK, you're right, I will," Dan said, much too fast. He needed the coffee and wanted privacy for warming his hands over the cup and figuring out Lucille.

Allen did not go. He blocked the way, his body settling without moving. His face darkened. Hiding the vacant gum, the small full mouth stopped smiling. Easy victories did not please Allen. The glint at his forehead was no longer water from combsing; perspiration swelled in little droplets. "Just a sec, Shaper," he said. "Way-up. Not to eat, boy."

Dan watched this persistence with an unresisting flutter of pain in his stomach. It was a long Sunday for quarreling. He didn't like that part of brotherhood; it was too much like his own meddling relatives. The bland face faded that appeared abruptly at the several doors to the kitchen were ready. It had all been arranged, and Allen's soles may was another sham, part of the play.

His trial, measured along lines of strict democracy in the fine old mansion, was scheduled for that very afternoon. He had the right to choose a defense attorney. Only Allen, as Freshman, could not serve—but he regretted, he had to be judge—but anyone he Dan wanted. In a democratic way, the Chapter as a whole would sit as jury.

Dan looked at his brothers. They watched without speaking. "I'll defend myself," Dan said.

"That's your privilege, of course." Allen shrugged. "Fraternity. But our procedure is merely to protect you from yourself, Dan, you should know that. We're all your brothers."

"I'm not afraid."

"We're a democratic club. Maybe you want to be alone now to think things through?" The gap in his teeth abruptly disappeared and reappeared. The plump body leaned solicitously toward Dan. "You probably have lots to think over, fellas."

"Yes."

"Any questions?"

"May I know what I'm accused of?"

Allen smiled and touched his arm, sorrowing at the thought of resorting to grave charges. "With this is a d—n class. Billy Kay, our prelaw senior, has put the complaint in correct form, but I speak as man to man." He paused before pronouncing the accusation, very careful, giving every syllable its value: "Arrogance. Lack of brotherhood. Incessive Belongingness. Lone Wolfism. Any further questions?"

There were none.

The Chapter sat whispering away the morning, giving Dan his right to quiet alone in his room while he thought through the charge. To plead guilty would indicate an almost perfect humility and might earn special leniency from the brothers. "It's the right kind of pride," Billy Kay said him. "The kind the fellows would appreciate." Curled in a tight arch as he lay fully clothed on the unmade bed, Dan admitted his guilt to himself, felt it and felt punished but did not know if he could admit it in the rock seriousness of a mock trial. He tried thinking of Lucille to make himself strong. He needed strength to take her, he could not draw on her while she too was mysteriously not yet his. Still and pale, he ungrimed kissing her hair, her distant eyes, the full mouth which once swelled under his teeth—but he was not yet sure of her. Perhaps he really did suffer under the wrong kind of pride.

The first unfavorable impression made by Dan's neglecting to shave, shower, and dress in his best charcoal grays was dissipated by his pale, modest, bowed posture as he heard the charge and the testimony.

ITEM Alleged sarcastic attitude for card-playing. (*I don't care, it's a matter of taste, I don't have the money.*)

ITEM Quoting, after winning one game of ping pong, without giving Billy Kay a return match. (*I had to study, and besides, he could never beat me with that weak backhand of his.*)

ITEM Persistent silence, hasty eating, and running to his room after meals (*Yes, I like my room. How can I explain that I feel less lonely with you all in the house, but still need privacy?*)

ITEM On the day of the Greenville game, when the House shivered a bus so that all could go together . . . (*Guilty. I wanted to spend that last Indian summer Saturday with Lucille.*)

ITEM ITEM ITEM

Gaudy, guilty, guilty Dan assented to the judgement. But he liked them anyway, he did. He wanted them to like him. While a long dwelling together, couldn't the group come to understand?

And now came his most serious symptom: Lucille. Weren't the college girls good enough? Didn't he know the traditions of the Chapter—that the sorority across the hall counted on each of them? This year there were several ex-

tra girls, he had no excuse. Couldn't he understand that using a townie was an insult to the honor of the club?

I'm not using her, Dan thought, gritting his teeth as he listened.

"Defense?" Allen inquired.

"What?"

"Defend yourself, boy."

"Nothing to say."

"Were you listening?"

"Yes."

The voice rose fiercely. "And you still don't have anything to say, boy? Listen here now—you admit everything?" Then there was no need for the jury to vote. He denied nothing. Just sentence him.

Allen considered. The born leader, he knew how to impose his silences upon a group. Dan looked at the walls of the room and study room, finding comfort in their familiar corners even at this moment, remembering his year of helpless loneliness before the Chapter took him in. He could be grateful for the punishment which would cleanse him of guilt and put him in good standing.

They would not expel him. He had paid for his room and meals, and it was inconvenient to refund the money—this the practical reason. It would also be a scandal. They needed his record as an honor student. The duties of leadership and the weight of decision lay heavily on Allen's shoulders. Responsibility—what would a senior do? How would the director of a great corporation behave? Where lay Justice and Security?

Allen started suddenly as it waking from a dream, as it thinking. Mercy? Repentance? Forgiveness? Honesty? Reform? These words now flowed freely from his lips. He made a brief but statesmanlike appeal. The applause was spontaneous. Billy Kay led it. Allen modestly raised his hands for silence.

"It is agreeable to you, Dan?" he asked merrily. If Dan would submit to a little further initiation, this would put him back in good standing from his place in brotherhood, give proof of sincerity.

Having passed successfully through the initiation only a few months ago, Dan found this most generous—and yet he began to shiver. He could not understand his delayed anger and fright after such unexpected clemency. He managed to reply yes, and to nod yes, and to stand to say, "Yes, thank you, brothers."

The ceremony was for that very evening. Close the business, declare peace and harmony for the new week.

Allen patted him reassuringly on the back and invited him up for a drink from his personal bottle. "Buck up, boy," he said, "it's not so bad. I don't even know what it'll be myself. You know how busy I been with you? I haven't made my decision."

They kept Dan in his room. Allen, very busy, bussing, arranging, and managing, popped his head through the doorway to say, "You OK? Don't you worry about a thing." It was a pleasure not to jitter through another dull Sunday evening. Even in his ignored detachment, Dan sensed something like

(continued on page 36)

FOR EXPORT ONLY



*stateside cinema is spicy, too,
but not for home consumption*

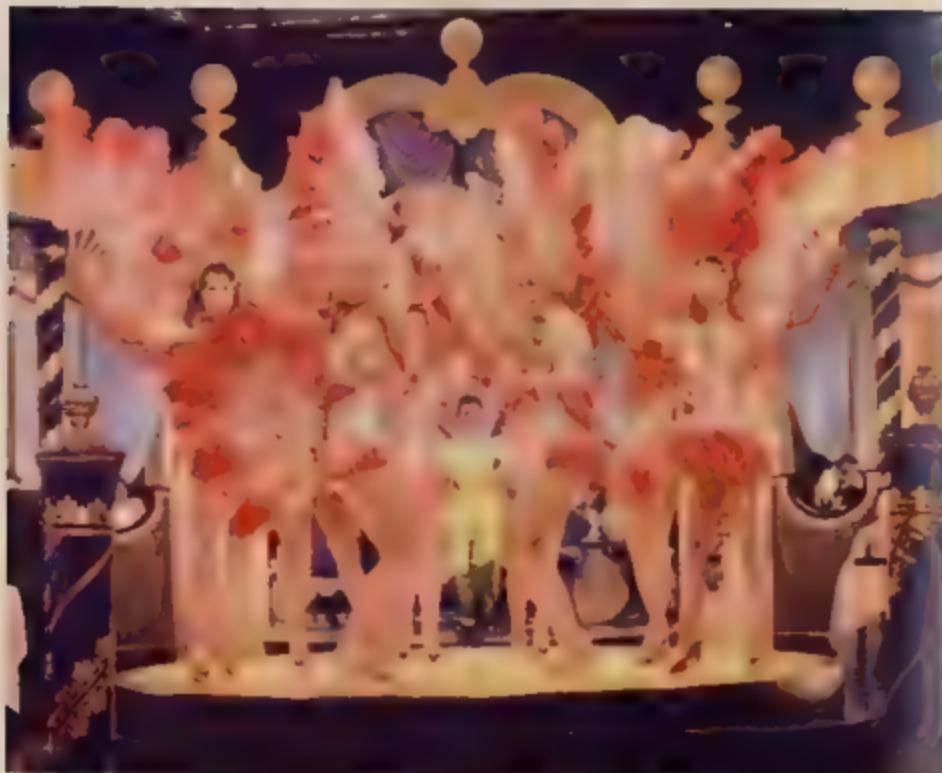
LAST MONTH, you'll recall, we did a splash on the French film, *Filles-Brengère*, calling attention to the various versions of certain scenes in *Blue Mediums and Overdone*. The United States, of course, was scheduled to get the *Overdone* version, while other countries enjoyed the refreshing sight of turns unclenched, or adorned only by a few rhinestones in the wrong places. This ingenious strategy we attributed (if we may quote ourselves) to "Galler practicality" — but now it appears that practicality is not an exclusively Galler commodity.

We're talking about a U. S. film called *The Ambassador's Daughter*. It has a lot of high-type Americans in the cast — Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, the late Edward Arnold — and the plot concerns itself with a senatorial investigation of American G.I.s' conduct in Paris. It's a fairly routine Hollywood product, except for one charming little scene photographed at the famed Parisian night-club, the Lido. Olivia and Forsythe are seated at a table therein, playing roulette and watching the floor show. The show consists of a rather undistinguished bunch of terpsichore performers by ladies with faces. This it isn't — except Forsythe much more



John Forsythe and Olivia de Havilland prepare for scene.

Below, scene from *The Ambassador's Daughter* as it is being shown to U.S. audiences; at right, the European version



the fans are lowered. Then he—and the audience—gets a long, close gander at what makes American G.I.s in Paris consider themselves like American G.I.s in Paris. Everytime he blashes a bit, Olga twists her head and the scene is over.

We say the audience gets a gander, but we'd have to amend that a little. The French audiences who see this American movie will, enjoy the absurd spice all right, but the only comment American Frenchmen will get is the salt on the potato. This scene—like the semi-nude sequences in *Four-Sided Glass*—has been shot twice. In the version the U.S. will see the idea of the bare-breasted dancers will be gotten across by mirror shots showing silky backs. They're

nice backs, if you like backs, but they are I pinch it off the fine stuff up front.

Thus the producers of *The Ambassador's Daughter* have pulled a switch on the usual situation of foreign producer getting up *film* in American market. But no matter who the chef is, there's no question who served the Over-the-top rabbit on the menu: that hapless personage is, as usual, the strong-smashed Mr. U.S. Moyer. The difference between the two versions is slight, but here, as a Frenchman said on another occasion, *la différence*!







PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER

ARE VOL. A BETTER ANIMAL? inquired a Columbia producer of a screenwriter via telephone a month earlier this year. "They just up and left at Universal and created the creature from beneath the sea, and it gave horror pictures new life."

The screenwriter, a good friend of the present chronicler, passed on the memo for my delectation, little realizing the shattering effect it was to have upon me. For being a rabid monster enthusiast from way back (being, in fact, a rabid monster from way back), I was at once seized by nostalgia for the simple horror films of yore, the days of the common, or garden, monster that could be whipped up in one's house laboratory or disintegrated after a little slopping around in a really rough and ready grassy sort. Being of delicate temperament, and rather highly strung, I grew a bit pale at this new evidence of the encroaching insidiousness of "class" at the latest example of the growing complexity of modern living. Gasping desperately for breath, I reeled about, then struck a tragic posture and silhouetted my

brother's profile against the moon. I went to my bed with a raging 102.5° fever & chills. "Eric Lorraine!" I apostrophized in my delirium. "You should be living at this hour. Dreadful Jesus! Help! Don them in a love! And Boris Karloff! Elsa Lazon! George Zucco! Lionel Atwill! Lon Chaney! Lon Chaney junior! Whoopee! Whishere! Where are the ghouls of yesterday?" A sea of tales swam before my eyes: *Them* (I Come from Outer Space), *I Come from Beneath the Sea*, *The Thing* (from Another World), *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *The Day the World Ended*, *The Beast* (from "The God Father"), *The Phantom* (from "10,000 Fingers"), *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, *The Creature from the Gray Flannel Lagoon*—

I was, you see, far gone. Finally, that being inconsiderately, I took an 8-drip sleep tablet and beset by dreams.

I was in a theatre in my pajamas, of course, because it only lets the Freudians make of that what they will, as if a box of popcorn was in my hand. Among the other spectators I recognized several friends of mine: an old flame, my dentist (a very old flame), my dentist's very old flame (dentist), Marilyn Monroe and John Quayle Adams, all in their

*George Gordon, Lord Byron, the beloved poet, was born in 1788 and died in 1824. The Byron referred to above is Sam Byron, who runs a filling station in Deposit, New York.

another heavy-handed satire BY RAY RUSSELL

pajamas. It is the single exception of Miss Monroe, she was in the top half of mine. I doubt the significance of these details and pass them on only in the interests of documentation and good fellowship. A newseed was in progress (I seem to remember something about Johnny Weissmuller being inaugurated President of the United States), but it was soon over and the man stammered onto the screen with an annihilating blast of neo-Straussky. The title was:

THE

And the subtitle:

My pulse quickened and my fingers clawed at the popcorn.

"I can't understand it."

The words were spoken by a young fellow with a white short polka-dot in his hair and a fascinating network of green-paint lines on his face. These told me he was elderly and lent weight to his next utterance: "Never in my entire medical career have I encountered anything remotely like it."

The camera pulled away to reveal the body of a sumptuously-shaped starlet, horizontal on a white slab. I was keenly disappointed to see her dead, for she had been unusually active in the newspaper

THEY SPELL MONSTER

as veritably enowmed in humor around the R of THE, baring her thighs and eyeballs with equal vigor, and displaying a healthy supply of peasty molars. However, I was too excited to quibble.

A gentleman with prognathous jaws and a belligerent manner asked, "What's the cause of death, Doc?"

The Doctor scratched his head, got a frown, and a white Alice polish, and replied wifly, "Severe manner, I submit to you."

"Brought on by what?"

The Doctor's silence and tight-lipped handshake were eloquent. Eloquent or not though, he laid a line and by Godfrey he was going to say it. "I... I... don't know," he said. And added, "That's more in your department, not it - the police - rather than... *me*."

It was the Lieutenant's big woe. He played it to the hilt, stalking rock and limb, shaking his hands in *red* and of

his pockets and casting bearded glances alternately at the Doctor and at the camera. If we only had something to go on," he ranted, "anything to be whined." Anything at all he whined. But there was a *thing*. A decent line like this deserved expansion, and the Lieutenant was on a map to meet. "Not one single blessed thing. Then with a deprecating wave of his hand, he ruminated: "Just these big fat gods of strange creatures type guys all over the body, that's all."

More minutes of eye, and the Doctor ruminated for Yes I, but in these strange gods, as may be the *answer*.

Meanwhile, *Stravinsky* uttered the Lieutenant, growing more diligent by the second:

"I suggest, we get in touch with *Stravinsky*."

"What's that? I don't want no federal men muscle in on my precious."

"Dr. Stradomine," explained the medium with withering condescension, "is the world's foremost authority in *visions*."

"Who?" *Her* vision shied. *Stradomine* is the science of measuring *visions*.

"What's a *vision*?" *Lieutenant* pointed to the body and the camera focused sharply on the strange *unseen*-type globe. "Goo," he said, solemnly.

And here, the *Stravinsky* got more *size* than ever.

I chewed my popcorn furiously and

stole a glance at *Madlyn Monroe*. She winked with abandon. "Goo," I said solemnly, and winked back. *Arthur Miller* had materialized in the seat next to her but I snapped my fingers at him and *laughed* recklessly.

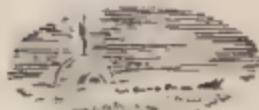
On the screen, one scene was melting into another with head-swimming speed. *Starlets* of diverse dimensions were as he seen going about such *weekday* *play* as *cooking*, *gardening*, *scrubbing*, *rhinestones* into their *navels*, etc., with such a remarkable degree of studied *unconcern* that I knew their *donuts* were sealed. And *all* through a *face*

*turnabout in *Dear* *Stravinsky**

HOSPITALITY

fiction

BY LESLEY CONGER



the goose and gander gambit, eskimo style

THE GREATEST MISTAKE Copley made was to tell his Eskimo story in front of Evan Barrington.

Of course he had always told it every where without discrimination (and always with a sharp eye on his disconsolate wife), and it must have seemed even more fitting than ever to tell it at this dinner party at Copley's London home. For Barrington, the guest of honor was leaving the next morning for some remote point inside the Arctic Circle.

Copley was a bore. He was one of those bores who often turned up uninvited to perfectly fine and decent women — more often than not Lucy was a small, barely turned creature the kind that seems plain and undistinguished until you perceive that inner light glowing behind the drowsy windows of the eyes then you realize that women like Lucy Copley are really quite beautiful. It is impossible to understand why such women marry men like John Copley.

He spent a great part of his time reciting her.

He knew, I think, that he deserved nothing one half so good as Lucy and that knowledge was so unpleasant a hair shirt for his ego that he had to — he was forced to — prove that he could treat her as he pleased and she would still be his. That he did by talking incessantly of other women, women he had known, women he still knew, women he would undoubtedly know in the future. Copley was, furthermore, a fair raconteur. His repertoire of anecdotes, to give the devil his due had elements of wry humor and showed a knack for the surprising twist which would have reflected them had it not been for the cruel use to which they were put.

Why Lucy cared about so much of it I do not know, but he was her husband and she still did care, though she had to pretend to control herself so that you could see only a faint blanching, a spasm, a quivering of the lip, the lip, and a lifting into relief of the little tendons on the backs of her hands.

Barrington, their guest, was one of those rich men who are bored by money but also bored by the usual ways of spending it. He had strayed into Arctic researches, an infatuating way of getting rid of money. Out of this had come a few excellent novels, and a few services to civilization.

When Copley began his story I watched Barrington, as much as I could, but Lucy Copley — I confess I hoped Barrington, a world-weary Copey up in some nice statement. But I know the men I like

thin him. Copley might embroider, but he would never lie. He had been up an Eskimo country, he had stayed with Eskimo families and lived off what the land, the sea, and the trader could supply. The truth of his story came out in its wealth of detail — smells and tastes and the feel of it — a word here and even a word or two of an Eskimo dialect, and it was further substantiated that time by the nodding credence of the Arctic expert Barrington. But Barrington's credit was, I felt, marred by a faint distrust. He had the look of a man who in polite dinner company has bitten into something he does not like, but must carefully chew it and get it down.

There was nothing unusual in Copley's Eskimo story. A number of white men have told substantially the same tale of the ultimate in exotic hospitality and one or two, like Copley were doubtless telling the truth. Copley, moreover, all but located his Eskimo on a map, he named names and identified the band he had visited so clearly that Barrington measured his recognition. Unhappily, Copley led his audience up to the gently and gentlymanly armchair of the story, when his young Eskimo host had unmercifully offered him the use of his wife for the duration of his visit. He described his own embarrassment, made more acute by the fact that he had mistaken a rather ugly female visitor for the wife in question. He lingered over his desperate delaying tactics and he detailed his exquisite relief when the wife presented herself with a gleaming smile, a round and pretty face. Copley gabbled at us at this point, a boyish look but was a pleasant little shock in his rather beefy countenance, or would have been if I had not seen a flicking glance he threw at Lucy like the stinging tip of a whip. "They aren't all the shape of those parkas," he said. And then, being the usual unspoken question, he went on with one of the vulgar touches that always betrayed him. "Well, when in Nome —" he said, leaving it un finished. "Of course, that was a few years ago, before I married Lucy," he added. But instead of implying that therefore it shouldn't matter he managed to make it only a shadow of a truth, the contrary.

I only sat very still, staring at him but not at his wife, for a long time. I saw Barrington's eyes closing with a contented rest, a relaxed look on his face. Then he sighed in absent, a spontaneous, almost involuntary, sigh. But every once in a while as the evening progressed, a

thoughtful expression would settle over him like an obscuring cloud and I would be watching her eyes.

When Barrington got back from his Arctic trip he rang me up. After the usual exchange of questions he asked me, somewhat curiously, how the Copleys were.

"Fine," I said. "Just the same. He still tells that obnoxious Eskimo with leading story of his and she still takes a walk. I think I've heard it a half dozen times since you left." Barrington grunted into the phone. I was about to suggest dinner together when I remembered "Matter of fact, I'm going to dinner at the Copeys' tonight." I said ruefully, "so I suppose I'll be hearing it again."

"On dashes tonight," Barrington said, and he laughed in a peculiar way. "Well, I'll see you around."

Dinner went as usual and Lucy was her usual quiet, quietly agonized self. Copley hadn't even gotten around to his Eskimo story (there was a new couple there to tell it to) when the doorbell rang. The thought crossed my mind that it might be Barrington and I wondered that he could be so gauche as to interrupt the dinner when I had specially mentioned it to him.

But when Copley in his offhand manner, sprang to answer the door, cursing the downiness of the mail, we all heard his voice hoarsening hopelessly in the hallway.

"Up! Great heavens, man, I'd hardly have recognized you! Come in, come in!"

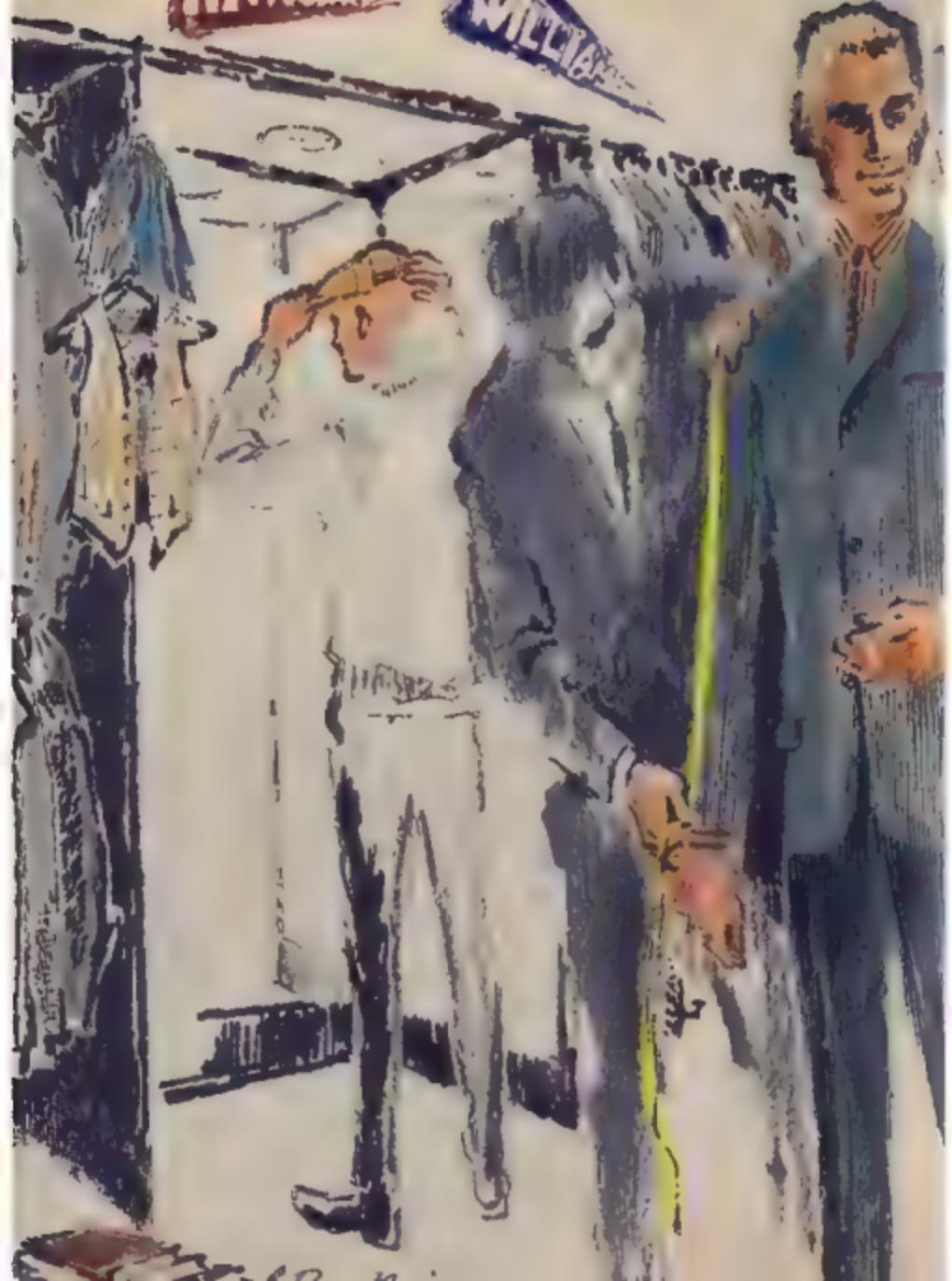
Lucas, he drew his visitor into the arched doorway of the dining room, a young, smooth-faced, brown-skinned fellow who was wearing a suit jacket and grey flannel and what I recognized as one of Evan Barrington's neck ties.

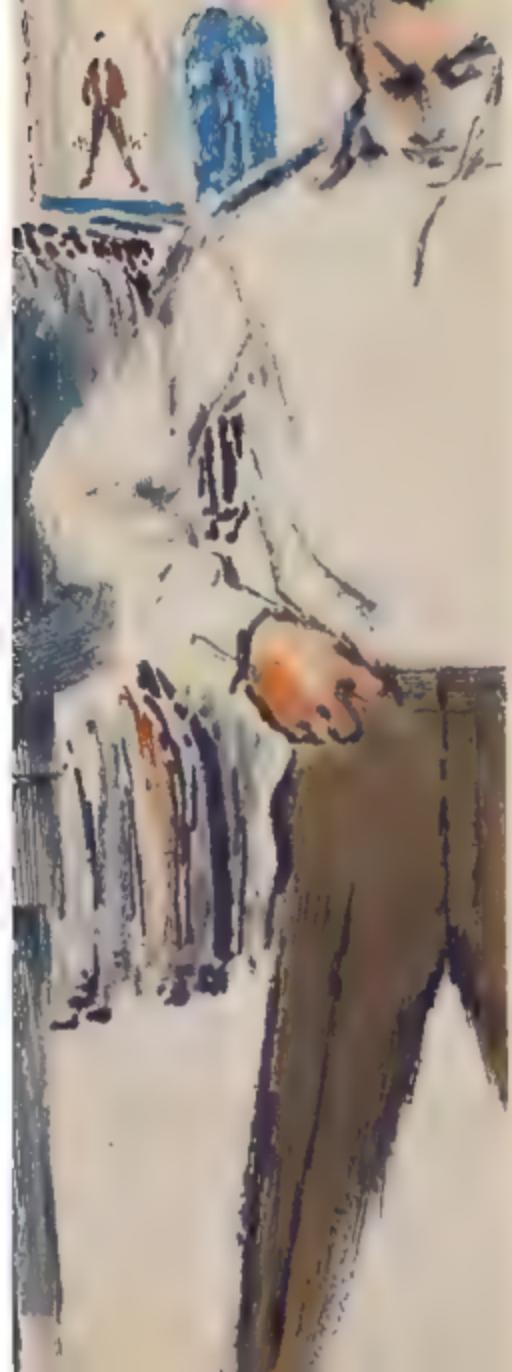
"I'm sorry I break in, but as he said I thought maybe you just up. His wife, she's big, very pale, charming. Behind her I could see a suitcase, standing in the middle of the hall.

Copley, nodding vigorously at me, was still smiling ear-to-ear when Lucy stood up and crossed to them, extending her hand. Her glance flicked across her husband's face like the tip of a whip, then settled languorously on Upak as she said, "I've heard so much about you, I'm Mrs. Copley, John's wife." She smiled. "You must — you simply must make yourself at home!"



"Everything is getting so commercialized these days!"





KING'S CORD

attire

*a royal fabric, corduroy,
comes back big on campus*

TO BE CALLED "shod" on a college campus is a fine compliment indeed. Translated from the French, the expression means that the fellow on whom it is hung is damned well dressed. He is *not* over dressed, he is not grandly dressed, he is not too conservatively dressed. He is simply "shod."

[Sometimes, if the huddled academic is impeccably dressed, all stoppers are pulled and the guy is labeled "very shod." This is as good as being called "very wealthy," but is not nearly so easy to come by.]

True, there are stopover points along the path to shodness. The man who shuffles around clad entirely in black

(concluded on page 54)

Deserving close study is the young blade in the campus shop being fitted in the cord suit—a richly rugged wide wale (about six ribs to the inch) with a natural, slimline cut to it, three button jacket with leather welt edging around the pockets and rougingly lined in colorful rep silk. Around \$45. Colors include tan, brown, gray and green.

A fine accompaniment to crew neck sweaters or tweed sport jackets are the corduroy slacks: comfortable, casual and very correct, with or without leather trim around the pockets and a leather back-buckle strap. No pleats in front. Slacks, around \$15. Colors include tan, black, gray, beige, white or faded blue.

The small-shape cord cap with the leather-trimmed peak and back buckle strap comes in a posse of colors and even some interesting stripes, around \$4. One of the best investments we know is the corduroy vest, which turns in a neat job of adding both verve and versatility to the campus wardrobe. Around \$10.

Right Kind of Pride (continued from page 25)

gratitude to him for the sin which they could all celebrate together.

There was a conference downstairs, but judging by the way his good friend Allen kept smiling in and out of a door showing his tall, tooth and smiling his teeth. Dan understood that the decisions were executive ones. Allen would take the responsibility. Well, that was all right. Allen was his friend, his good friend, President of the Chapter.

"Put on your pajamas," — and Allen stalked out. Dan got undressed while Billy had watched him. Billy, plump and friendly, and a bottle, friendly and plump, had been delegated to keep Dan company. Allen didn't want him to worry. Billy watched curiously while he undressed and dressed in the silliest, low-cut pajamas he owned.

Wait ten more minutes, fellas," — and Allen disappeared. Dan could see it. He folded the top inside and pulled on his dressing. Billy filled his glass, but this time he sliced his head. He could take anything. He was ready.

"Is the brother all set?"

"Yes, Allen."

"OK, just a sec." He looked steadily to Billy. "It's now seven-thirty. Schenckle your watch. Bring him down to the rec hall at exactly ten o'clock," — and the door slammed to. Allen was a preparing person tonight. An automobile pulled into the driveway and there was hollish downstairs. Dan found it odd that, this last time, Allen had not spoken to him. Bring him down. It was as if he were an object or an animal.

"Let's go."

Barefooted, tippy, cool and sure with Jim Dan moved under Billy's command. He followed obediently down the carpeted stairways — the coated wool pleasant on his bare toes across the linoleum of the kitchen. Slippery and cold it was — and into the basement from the back way. As instructed, Billy had him into the laundry room.

A large unashed bulb filled the place with light — sink, soap, pails, brick, a heap of old tennis shoes in the corner. Lounging and easy with himself, his healthy chops pink with smiling, Allen waited to greet him. He put out his hand, then said to Billy, "OK, you go in now. Go on. I'll explain it to the brother." Billy started through the door. Allen put a hand on his arm, saying, "Thank you, Billy," making it personal, making it something done for Allen.

Alone with Dan, Allen went on nodding and smiling. It was his way of showing that nothing worried him. Others were always filling up empty spaces. Allen Turner did not need in talk. Naked under flimsy pajamas, Dan found it difficult to meet the eyes of this full-dressed man. He needed a belt. He wanted shoes. Finally Allen spoke. "Don't you worry now, boy."

"I'm not," Dan said.

It's nothing much. It's just I — the form.

"I'm all right. I'm ready."

"Here, boy, put away a bit of my bottle."

Dan took it. He had never drunk so much in one day. It was generous of his pull. Allen.

Allen smiled, then straddled him, taking him agains the automatic washer. "Now listen," he began. Dan barely understood.

He flinched to Allen with a beautiful smile. The fellows were all swell. They were a swell bunch of fellows. It would all be over soon. Dan was happy in his new brotherhood. Allen approved of him.

But just for the form, like he said, just to make sure, just not to bark out now, they wanted him to pass one more little initiation rite. It was nothing serious. He had nothing to fear if his loyalty was perfect. "Take off the pajamas."

Dan stripped, shivering in the chum cement dampness of the laundry room. He stood naked before Allen, shivering dizzily, pulling his wrists together in front.

"Stand up like a man."

Dan tried to pull his shoulders straight, as in ROTC drill.

"You're among your sworn brothers. Don't look so damn chicken."

Dan fixed his teeth to stop the chattering. He was alone with Allen, but secure among his brothers. Over soon. He was not frightened, but being with no clothes in the cold basement, with everyone else dressed, obscurely troubled him. He had dreams of times like this, and never believed the dreams.

From the rec room, through the door, Dan heard the phonograph playing. They all were waiting for him. The record was some cornball Hawaiian tune, aloha-eh, with many guitars and a seddy, jiggling rhythm. Allen explained, talking rapidly while around Dan's middle, he tied an Indian headdress, part of the Chapter's stock of souvenirs.

The feathers behind and the front bare naked. The feathers tickled the back of his legs. They hung and scratched at his flanks as he moved. "Now you go out there and do a hoola dance for the boys," Allen said.

"What?"

Allen nodded encouragingly.

"Like that?" But these feathers — I'm naked — I'm worse than . . . The soft working of his mouth entered protest his voice — joining the group — already — did no work for him and he could not speak out.

"It's nothing at all. Just you heard me and then it'll be all over. A bare-buttocks hoola hoochie hoochie, that's all. Now you just wait here a sec."

"No."

"Listen here, 'trol yourself, boy. I'll go up front and call you when we're ready. OK?"

Dan nodded his head yes.

Along again, he wished that Allen had remained until it was time. He needed to talk. He tried moving the way he had to, and the prickly feathers tickled him.

He knew that he could not hide himself with his hands or the fellows would howl complaints. He had to throw himself into the joke. All right, he would show them. He knew them! He knew himself! He punished himself for his own failures, first of all for his awful loneliness last year by offering this tribute to belonging before he took his stand on the outside. For stubbornness, for punishing pride, for perverse justification of all his differences, he would confound now in order to stand afterward more firmly apart.

"Brother Dan! Hey, Brother Dan!" It was Billy boy's voice.

Dan emerged, blinking, into the rec hall. The ping pong table had been dismantled. They burst into applause and cheers. He turned to let them set the feathers and clapped them behind and they shouted and clapped their hands. Someone turned up the music. He was suddenly very drunk and victorious.

"Dance now!"

He began slowly undulating, keeping his back to them, arching it, giving them what they wanted, older both in contempt for the visitors and victory over his own feelings. He held to this sense, dancing furiously, even bumping and grinding to their cheer, flipping the stiff feathers and letting them by Aleah's, aie-oh, sliding and moving. Now, still dancing, he turned.

Many of the faces were not watching him. Old. He danced, but they were craned around, staring at the door. Allen had come in through the front door of the long room. He was standing with someone. She had a round, astonished, terrified face, and her eyes were fixed on him with an expression so strange, so fixed, and finally so cold even in her fright, that for a moment he did not recognize Lucille.

After he danced let a surprise party — and nothing said, not a word, not a smile — a special party for a kid that's in doubt, and he is in single act of his rush through the audience while the music screamed and whined. Dan felt completely clothed, not at all naked, swayed and bathed by rage as he flew toward Lucille. He did not touch her, however. He fell on Allen, holling, punching, kicking, working deliberately toward Allen's bad teeth and is took Billy Kay and two others to pull him off.

Looking at Allen's aggrieved face, white and still in the unexpected, not having counted on this, the mouth already puffing and swelling, Dan Shaper felt that he had come a long way toward his education. You have to make your own terms, he decided, even for fellow ship. Lucille had slipped out alone. The girl could not now be Lucille having committed herself to his disgrace, even by mistake. She should have stayed with him until the end, but after this evening, with the next girl, Dan and everything she would be different.

And Allen's lip would stay broken for awhile.



Tom Dempsey

"Aha! The moment of truth!"

a tipsy treatise on the sudden rise of vodka

By Thomas Mario *playboy's food & drink editor*

VODKA, according to the ads, will leave you breathless. This pitch makes a particular appeal to those executives who sometimes return to the office right after an important business lunch with a breath strong enough to carry freight. The advertising claim is indeed correct. Vodka will leave you breathless.

It will also, if you drink enough of it, leave you speechless and motionless.

Vodka is a drink for people who hate liquor. Hence its recent rise to popularity in this country. Americans love to get high, but an appalling percentage of them don't give a damn for the taste of booze. In fact, many Americans actively dislike it.

Vodka is simply pure grain neutral spirits distilled in the same manner as gin. White gin, however, is redistilled with juniper berries to give it its characteristic flavor. Vodka is processed through charcoal to remove as much flavor as possible. The secret of good vodka seems to be not in the original distillation but in the charcoal process which occurs afterward. The kind of wood from which the charcoal was made, such as hickory, oak or cherry, determines the tone and clarity of the final product. Some distillers filter their vodka through as many as nine different nations of charcoal.

Fortunately, while America's vodka appetite has vaulted higher and higher, the sales of gin haven't dropped at all. As a matter of fact the gin output jumped in 1968 about two million gallons over 1964. Apparently there are still a sufficient number of drinkers who want their Martinis to taste of honest juniper juice and who know that a Tom Collins was originally a drink made with English Old Tom gin and no other substances.

PLAYBOY, frankly, loves the man-sized flavor of strong waters (as any true bo-

ment should) but as an up-to-the-minute handbook for the urban male, we have a duty to perform: namely, to pass along a few tips on how to make vodka — that tasteless tipple — tasty.

Actually, like any other food or drink that passes over the back of the tongue, vodka isn't completely tasteless. If, for testing purposes, you were to up in succession three or four prominent brands of American vodka at room temperature you would detect certain definite minor differences in flavor. The true vodka virtuoso, needless to say, doesn't mind even this fraction of a sensation to affect his taste buds.

In Finnish restaurants, for instance, one drinks vodka straight, as an aperitif. When the Finnish bartender reaches for the vodka, he brings out a bottle robed in a thick blanket of ice. The ice was formed by placing the bottle of vodka in a can of water, freezing the water and then removing the can. The Finn pours the biting cold vodka into glasses which have been pre-chilled. The extreme cold helps to nip any residual flavor which might have remained in the liquor. The drink is taken business-like. While the Finn is swallowing the vodka with one hand, his other hand is reaching for a plate of plump herring fillets, bright with oil. Then, if by accident a slight wisp of aromatic flavor lingers in his mouth, it's at once obliterated by the intense flavor of the herring. The correct Finn repeats the step two more times. After the second draft of vodka, he may eat some thinly sliced smoked salmon. After the third, he may munch a slice of hot sausage on rye bread. Then slowly the quiet Finn begins to feel the presence of the Northern Lights rising in the sky and his tattered nature turns into a won defiled state of ecstasy.

There are now about 100 different brands of vodka on sale in American

liquor stores. When you buy a bottle of vodka, the salesman will ask you if you want 80 proof or 100 proof. These are the main categories, but there are a number of variations from these low and high-powered models. Nikofin brand vodka is bottled at 90 proof on the theory that a good average strength vodka will provide an all-purpose liquor suitable for straight or mixed versions. Imported Banana Wolfhound vodka manufactured in England is put up in 91.3 proof, hard also imported in 100 proof. The most potent domestic vodka is Casavier brand, a hefty 103 proof specimen.

For those who like vodka but still want some semblance of flavor, there are lemon flavored and ginger-flavored vodkas although they are small stars in the constellation. Perhaps the most distinctive of all flavored vodkas is the imported Zabrocka from Czechoslovakia. Its flavor is developed by steeping vodka in Buffalo grass which is grown only in Poland. In each bottle of Zabrocka there is a blade of Buffalo grass.

Even a colored vodka has now entered the picture. Golden Tar vodka originally made in Holland but now that it is in this country is bottled a 86 proof.

Between the imported and domestic varieties of vodka there are no earth-shaking differences. A special taster however should be given to the Fir and House vodka bottled and shipped by the Republic of Finland. It's dry and silky smooth, with a stunning 101.8 proof. For cold straight pre-dinner drinking, it provides the most happy kind of edification.

Vodka drinkers fall into several main categories. First of all, there are the drunks in which vodka takes the place of gin, whisky or other liquor. For those drinkers who may think the fla-

(continued on page 30)

THE POTENT PARVENU





Playmate Pilgrim meets members of the Dartmouth faculty at a tea held in her honor. The entire campus was smitten by the lovely pin-up come to life and Janet had an unforgettable weekend.

JANET'S DATE AT DARTMOUTH

*an ivy weekend with
playboy's office playmate*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE SHIRK



Subscription manager Janet Pilgrim supervises the magazine's subscription circulation while increasing PLAYBOY readers' circulations by posing playfully as the provocative Playmate of the Month.



Student Leonard Clark won a date with Janet by entering a cartoon of himself picking petals from a daisy in the "I want Janet Pilgrim for my Playmate" contest sponsored by the school paper. At right, he proudly escorts Miss Pilgrim to dinner in Thayer Hall, well aware of the envious eyes of several hundred Dartmouth men.

WHAT HAPPENS TO AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG blonde girl when she suddenly becomes a favorite pin-up of several hundred thousand men across the country?

Janet Pilgrim, our subscription manager, found out soon after her Playmate appearances in the July and December issues of PLAYBOY last year. There were a number of professional modeling offers, two TV proposals and a chance at a Broadway show, but these were easy to turn down because Janet likes her job at PLAYBOY. More difficult to decline were the dozens of invitations from college men across the country to various dances, hops, balls, carnivals, beer-busts and other assorted formal and informal student functions. Janet couldn't accept

them all, so one school was selected to represent the year.

Dartmouth College, in Hanover, New Hampshire, is one of the oldest colleges in the country, steeped in tradition, with a history dating back to pre-revolutionary days. It is the winter sports center of the Ivy League, famous for its annual Winter Carnival, which served as background for Budd Schulberg's novel, *The Duesunchanted*. When this stately institution requested permission to build a campus show around a PLAYBOY theme, we were flattered and, in granting the request, waggishly inquired if Janet Pilgrim might not be valuable as a super star of the proceedings. The Dartmouth men called our bluff and re-

Janet autographs Playmate pictures of herself at one of the dorms and greets students over college radio station WGDS.





Janet lectures to a packed house in what is supposed to be English 96. She explained what it is like to supervise the subscription department of the nation's most popular urban men's magazine and almost every word met with cheers.



Janet is the center of a press conference in the offices of *The Dartmouth*, the oldest college newspaper in America; she had to stand on a chair so that she could be seen during the interview; student beside her holds the paper's pet alligator

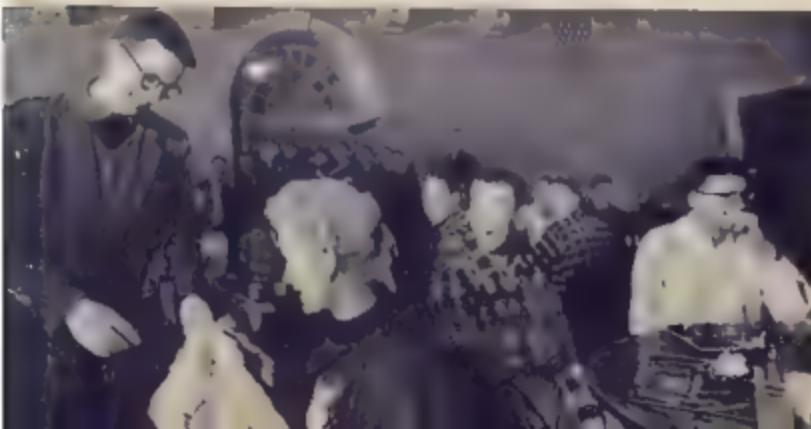
splended with a ringing *Vif!*

With a movie star or Broadway celebrity this eagerness might have been expected, but when such campus commotion was caused by the unheralded arrival of a Chicago office girl, that was news and *Life* decided it'd better cover the event, assigning a photographer and correspondent to stay with the young lady throughout the trip.

It had been decided in Hanover that Janet should have a student escort, so the college paper, *The Dartmouth*, ran an "I Would Like Janet Pilgrim For My Playmate Because" contest. Leonard J. Clark, president of the local chapter of Beta Theta Pi, won the honor—not by completing the sentence in 25 whiskies or less, but by painting a *Lolita*-like picture of himself plucking the petals from a daisy. The simple caption "Pilgrim because"

Janet arrived early Friday and was escorted first to a press conference in the offices of the school paper, where a corps of some 50 "correspondents" had gathered. They asked about her job. *Yes*, she really was subscription manager of the magazine. Had she ever done any professional modeling before becoming a Playmate? *No*, she'd never been interested. Did Playboy raise her salary when she started becoming famous? *She received a ring, but only because her subscription job had grown*, she had a single girl working for her when he joined for her first Playmate picture and now there were 18 women in her department. Janet discovered that *The Dartmouth* had been

During lunch at the freshman dining hall, a PLAYBOY reader presents Miss Pilgrim with the top half of a pair of his pajamas; a picture story in the magazine had mentioned that Janet buys men's PJs and wears the tops as shortie nightgowns.





MISS OCTOBER

ANNEKA RAYNER OF THE MONTH









printing stories and pictures of her on the front page all week, and now they wanted a photograph of her being kissed by her date. She obliged.

Janet was hustled from the press conference in a lecture hall where English 90 was scheduled. The hall was a large one, with a gallery in addition to a sizable main floor but for some strange reason it was completely filled. An usher, Steven DuVall stepped forward to dismiss the class because the scheduled lecturer was ill but changed his mind and introduced Janet as a guest lecturer instead. She talked about the operation of her subscription department — a dry topic one might think, but almost everything she said was greeted with wild cheers when she confessed she had never quite "made" college, the walls shook with laughter. Steven DuVall remarked that Professor Robin Lee was certainly going to be sorry he missed this.

On Friday afternoon a brief rehearsal of the variety show was held and that evening Janet and her escort ate at Thayer Hall, the freshman dining room. Janet was practically mobbed when she entered — students cheered and stood in their chairs for a better view. One presented her with a gift, the top half of his pajamas (a *Playboy* article on Janet had mentioned she likes to wear men's PJs tops to bed). After dinner, she was guest of honor at a meeting of a senior secret society, The Casque and Gauntlet, where a strict rule against picture taking on the premises was, understandably, relaxed. At 11:30 P.M. Janet was interviewed on WGDS, the college radio station, and read the midnight news from the U.P. wire service.

The next morning, Len Clark took Janet shopping and bought her one of the ankle length green-and-white scarves Dartmouth men traditionally give their dates. Lunch followed, then a session of *Playmate* autographing, more release sals and a faculty tea at which Janet met faculty members, their wives and the Dean.

After a quick cocktail and dinner, she dressed for the variety show, appropriately titled *The Playboy Playbill*. Janet was introduced and thunderous掌声 from the stage. She apologized for not being able to sing or dance and admitted that she would sit to watch her entry subscription on the stage. She said she had brought along some lewd jokes submitted by Dartmouth students however. These were all for laughs or presentation, but if the audience wanted her to she would read some of them too. Len Clark then hustled her off stage, but she returned to clown with the show's mc, Jack Upham (a young man who looks and talks incredibly like



Leonard Clark and Janet Pilgrim pose for student photographers after the press interview in The Dartmouth offices, they requested that Len kiss his date, he did, somewhat bashfully, and then Janet removed the lipstick while the boy recovered.

Playmate Pilgrim meets a fraternity mascot and discusses her part in the Saturday night variety show. Some of the students had expected a mannered but indifferent young miss and they found, instead, that Janet was both cooperative and charming.





Len and Janet have a few moments alone in the dressing room during *The Playboy Playbill*. Dartmouth's variety show. Below, left they watch performance from backstage. Janet was incorporated into several of the skits, appeared with the mc., two magicians, a mechanical man and an elephant.



Above, against a background of *PLAYBOY* covers, an elephant pulls a Dartmouth pennant from Janet's sweater. Janet produces another, and they both wave them in the show's finale; below, Len and Janet dance at a tri-fraternity party given at the Sigma Chi house after show.

the late Fred Allen), help two magicians with their act and be serenaded while sitting atop a car. I pause for the finale as elephant pulled a Dartmouth banner from her sweater she produced another, and they both waved them while she had played a campus favorite, *Dartmouth's on Town Again*.

As the weekend came to a close the Dean remarked that he had never met anyone "from the outside" who had come posted herself more creditably or better represented her organization than our girl Janet. It was a mighty milestone in Pilgrim's progress, one that Janet—and a lot of guys—will never forget.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young man was determined to win his girl that evening.

"I have loved you more than you will ever know," he said.

"So I was right," she exclaimed, slapping him across the face. "You did take advantage of me last Saturday night when I was drunk!"



The husband wired home that he had been able to wind up his business trip a day early and would be home on Thursday. When he walked into his apartment, however, he found his wife in bed with another man. Furious, he picked up his bag and stormed out; he met his mother-in-law on the street; she told him what had happened and announced that he was filing suit for divorce in the morning.

"Give my daughter a chance to explain before you take any action," the older woman pleaded. Reluctantly, he agreed.

An hour later, his mother-in-law phoned the husband at his club.

"I knew my daughter would have an explanation," she said, a note of triumph in her voice. "She didn't receive your telegram."

He did not drink, or smoke, or swear. His morals were not bad. Nor did he live a century—He only fell he had



At breakfast the morning Lady Cribblesham suggested to His Lordship that since their son Reginald was fast asleep in his room, his master should be telling him about the birds and bees.

Lord Cribblesham did not welcome discussion on matters so delicate, but he recognized a father's duty and so, that evening after dinner, he summoned his son to his study.

"Er . . . ahem . . . Reginald," he began uneasily. "Lady Cribblesham and I both feel it is time you and I had a man-to-man talk on the subject of uh . . . the birds and bees."

"Yes, pater," said Reginald brightly. "Son, do you remember our trip to Paris last summer?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you remember our visit to the Folies-Bergère?"

"I do, pater."

"You will then, perhaps, remember our drinking with the two lovely ladies from the Folies?"

"I do, indeed, pater."

"And afterwards, you remember our taking them to our hotel and what we did there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well son," said Lord Cribblesham, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "it's very much like that with the lads and beer, too."



"We good news for you," said the psychiatrist. "You're a well man. It won't be necessary for you to continue the analysis any longer."

"How wonderful doctor," said the patient. "I'm so very pleased. I wish there were something special I could do for you in return."

"Oh, that's not necessary. You've paid your bill and that's all that's expected."

"But really, doctor, I'm so elated I could kiss you!"

"No, don't do that. Actually, we shouldn't even be lying here on the couch together."

One of the airlines recently introduced a special half fare rate for wives accompanying their husbands on business trips. Anticipating some valuable testimonials, the publicity department of the airline sent out letters to all the wives of business men who used the special rates, asking how they enjoyed their trip. Responses are still pouring in asking, "What trip?"

Send any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.





"Most of my automobile accidents have happened in back seats."



PLAYBOY



E. THOMAS AT PARAGGI

the italian riviera: a 200-mile chunk of technicolor

After a couple of brothy, frantic weeks in Rome or Florence, what jaded gent wouldn't relish a respite on the Italian Riviera—a 200-mile chunk of Technicolor land-and-seascape sprawled out near the top of the boot?

What's so special? Well, in addition to a string of sculptured coves and inlets, olive groves, sleepy fishing towns and rocky, rugged shoreline, the Italian stretch of the Mediterranean shore boasts a precious house specially known as *ambiente*, that whoopingly romantic "atmosphere." Italians are always sighing and singing about whenever they're in love, which is a good 75% of the time.

Ambiente counts in abandoned, profusion along the Riviera, which is certainly one reason why the train running commutes husbands from stuffy offices in Genoa, Milan and Turin to wives and mistresses reclining at resorts along this splendid coast. This coast is known as the Cornu or Cuckold's Special. Fortunately the same Cornu also carries flocks of magificent Italian womanhood anxious to bask along the beach at Paraggi in Bikinis that might weigh all of two ounces soaking wet. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

We usually head for the Italian Riviera from Paris because we like to

eat in Provence on the way south, then blow off steam at Nice and Cannes on the French side of things. But we keep going afterwards, along the Corniche road cut into sandstone cliffs just a few yards above the heaving, torrid Mediterranean. And we don't stop again until we see the sage green uniforms of the customs men at the Italian frontier.

From then on we amble, stopping wherever fancy seizes us. And fancy, bless her heart, grasps pretty often and demands lard, staring right at Ventimiglia, the border town. The place is wallowing in the fragrance of the local

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THE HOODWINKED HUSBAND

Ribald Classic

a newly translated story from the

Novellino of Masuccio Salernitano



"We shall both enjoy her," said Antonio

CAPTAIN ANTONIO MORD, a Venetian sea-going gentleman of great vigor and good looks, was walking with a friend along a canal when he saw a woman so beautiful, so sensuous, so altogether delectable, that he turned to his companion and said, "I must have her!"

"For shame, Antonio," replied his friend. "That wench is the wife of one of your own sailors, Marco de Cursola. Indeed? . . . No matter. I must have her. I will have her!"

"Marco is jealous . . ."

"And stupid . . ."

"He adores her . . ."

"So do I . . ."

He keeps her in a fit of fever and key.

Love laughs, they say, at locksmiths."

"Antonio . . ."

"Yes?"

"I say you will not have her."

"I say I will!" Antonio smiled at the woman.

Will you wager?"

"I will."

"You are that certain?"
I am."

"What will you wager?"

"The price of a fine dinner, Saturday next, for you and I and all our friends—at the best inn on the canal."

"No more?"

"No more. I'm not," Antonio smiled.
"That certain?"

There was an old woman Antonio knew, a go-between he had often used to carry messages of passion to lovely ladies. She was cunning, efficient, and entirely discreet—providing she was paid enough. Antonio was not wealthy, but what money he had he scraped together. "Go to Marco de Cursola's wife, be old and crooked. Tell her the handsome captain who smiled at her on the canal today is abeam with love, consumed with desire . . . you know the sort of thing." The old woman nodded, grinning toothlessly. "Then tell her he knows a way to take pleasure with her

without any danger from her husband. Ask her to give you her answer: a straight yes or no, without riddles! Do you understand?" The old woman nodded. "That is all." She did not leave. "Ah, yes," said Antonio, putting a half empty bag of gold into her hand. You will get the other half when you return with the answer." The old woman turned to go. "But only," warned Antonio, "if the answer is yes!"

The old one left on her mission. Antonio waited, not without impatience, and when she returned, he questioned her closely about the lady's answer. He was told that the charmer was eager to know him better, but fearful of her jealous husband's wrath. "Tell her," said Antonio, "that she need have no fear. Tell her, in fact, that I will come to her tonight. As for her husband, she may leave him to me. Go now and tell her these things." And he gave her the remainder of the gold.

Humming guilty to himself, Antonio now sought out Marco de Cursola. He found him in his fishing boat, which was tied up along the dock. "Marco!" he called. "How fares it with you?"

"Captain Antonioli," grinned Marco. "Well met!"

"Well met indeed," replied Antonio. "You can do me a service if you will."

"Gladly at."

"I am meeting a lady tonight."

"Ah, sir you were ever a rogue."

". . . and I am in need of transportation. However, my funds are low and I cannot afford a gondola. Can you lend me your boat and your strong rowing arms?"

"With pleasure. Where shall we meet?"

"Here. At sundown."

That evening, as Marco rowed him slowly along the canal Antonio charted of love manners, sang seraphs of amorous song, and told wandy jests. There was a pleasant breeze stirring the air. At length, the wily captain said, "Stop in front of this house." Marco did so, and Antonio climbed out of the boat. "Wait for me here," he told Marco, and he entered a nearby domicile.

Now the cleverest part of Antonio's strategy went into operation. He had already paid the owners of several houses small sums for the privilege of entering through the front door and leaving through the back. In a few minutes, by this device, he was knocking on the door of Marco's own house and being received by the arms of Marco's own wife.

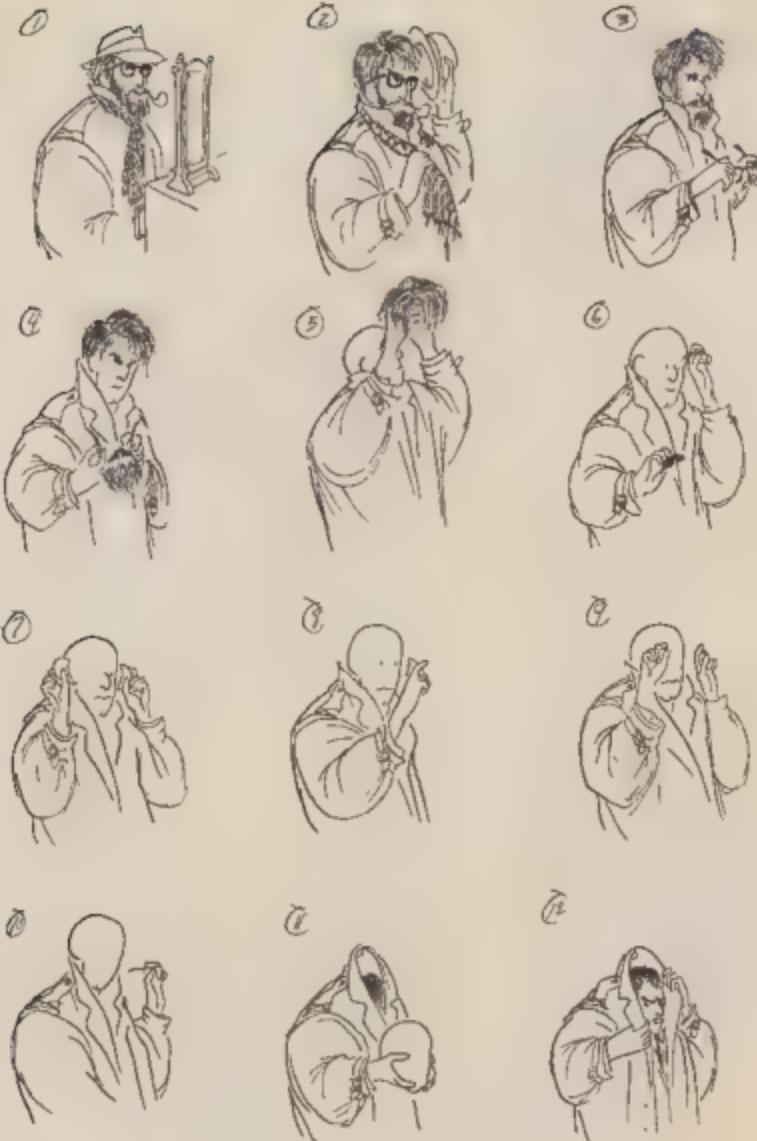
Quickly, but with high satisfaction they enjoyed together the full and delicious enfolding of their amorous desires. Then, after making plans for a similar liaison the following evening, they parted and Antonio returned by the same devious route, to the spot where

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*'I don't care what the other girls are doing, you be home
from that orgy before dawn.'*

THE DISGUISE



Stern

HEMINGWAY

a title bout in ten rounds

pastiche

BY JED KILEY



"It's Mr. Hemingway's autograph I want," said the bellboy.

ROUND 5. "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"
I FOUND HEMINGWAY IN NEW YORK. OR RATHER HE FOUND ME. I WAS THERE ON MY WAY TO THE VENEZUELA. IT WAS MY FIRST TRIP TO THE STATES IN TWELVE YEARS AND THE NEWS REPORTERS GAVE ME QUITE A WELCOMING. PHOTOS IN THE PAPER AND EVERYTHING. HE SAW ME AND CAME AROUND TO THE PLATE TO SET ME. I WAS GLAD HE HAD SEEN ME.

He looked pretty low, I thought. But that awful Depression and the Prohibition stuff was enough to make anybody low. He had a clean shave though and didn't need a haircut. He even had a tie

on. He never left right in city clothes. Looked like a fireman out of uniform. kept shaking his head sadly. I expected him to start congratulating me. But he didn't. Guess the Depression didn't have caught up with him yet here. Too bad. Out of the living room into the fire. I thought.

"Hello," I said about it.
"Hello," he said.
"Get some bad news?" I said.
"Yes," he said.
"About a book or something?" I said.
"No," he said. "About you. Is it over?"

"Is that true?" I said.

"That you are only getting five hundred?" he said.

There he goes again, I thought. Only five hundred he says. You'd think five hundred a week was peanuts to hear him talk. Looked like he was going to break out crying. I puffed him a drink of twelve dollar Scotch fast. I knew he wouldn't let any tears dilute that. But he hasn't had any Scotch that good since he's been in New York, I thought.

It's costing me every week, I said.

"Tear up your contract," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"The place is a graveyard for writers getting small dough," he said.

Still thinking about graveyards, I thought. I knew it wasn't sour grapes. Just a state of mind. You could see he really felt sorry for me.

"Ever been there?" I said.

"No," he said.

"Oh," I said.

Refused I or rather that would have been, he said.

"Pretty good place for a club fighter," I said. "Suppose I could get you a good beat out there. What would you really take?"

"Ten thousand," he said.

"A what?" I said.

"A week," he said.

"Oh," I said.

What are you going to do with a guy like that, I thought. Who ever heard of a writer getting ten grand a week? That's a half million a year. Must be kidding me. If I can get him a job in Hollywood I'll do it, I thought.

I said aloud, "How is the Depression hitting you?"

"What Depression?" he said.

"I wouldn't know," I said. Heard things were pretty tough.

"Heaven's noticed it," he said. "My last book drew a big gate. Best seller. Bought a boat and a house in Key West. I'll be shooting at the New York State title in the Garden in my next one."

I rang up for some ice and some set-ups and when the bellboy came in with the ice he turned the knife held out a pistol and asked Ernest for an autograph. I reached for the pen thinking the kid had made a mistake. I was the young celebrity. But the bellboy held on to the pistol and handed me the ice instead. "It's Mr. Hemingway's autograph I want," he said. "I can sell it for ten bucks anytime."

That's a hot one, I thought. Must be a new one.

"That your son, Ernest?" I said.

"Could be," he said.

The bellboy said, "I read *A Farewell to Arms* and it's a swell book."

"I've heard it well spoken of," Ernest said.

So have we, my friends said.

"I must remember to read it," I said.

"You won't," Hemingway said.

I said farewell to New York the next day. A lame hand met me at the station to Hollywood and escorted me in style to the studio. Then they forgot all about me. I couldn't learn the language

They would ask me how much I was getting and then stop speaking to me. I met an old newspaper pal of mine from Chicago named Charlie MacArthur. He was getting two grand a week, he told me. I didn't believe him until he showed me his contract. When he heard what I was getting he shook hands warmly with me. Goodbye pal, he said. "Nice seeing you." And he walked away. That guy Hemingway must be psychic, I thought. When I saw one of the movies they made of my stuff I lit out for Paris. Couldn't take it.

I tried to contact Ernest in New York but he was fishing in Key West. After three weeks in Paris I got another offer from Hollywood. The Fox studio wanted me for a Paris picture. They didn't even know I had ever been in Hollywood. I raised the ante a little this time but it still was not enough. Again I looked for Ernest. But he was still fishing.

But back in Hollywood this time I got my chance to pay him back for that big lousy he had done me in the Paris fight. I was working at MGM at the time. It was about a year later I had not heard how he was doing in Hollywood you never read or talk about any body but yourself.

But somebody at MGM must have broken the rule. They had seen an item in O. O. McIntyre's column about Hemingway and me. I was right there on the lot so they sent for me. I was escorted with great deference into Louis B. Mayer's office. Did I know Hemingway? Sure I did. Could I get him to come out in Hollywood? Sure I could—for big money. How much would he want? Plenty.

Naturally I knew that ten grand a week was ridiculous and I also knew that Ernest Marion was the highest paid writer on the lot as that moment. She was getting \$2750 a week. So I told them they would have to pay him five thousand. No harm in asking, I thought.

They never batted an eye. You'd think it was five cents the way they agreed. I couldn't wait to get out of there to send him a telegram. Here it is.

LENORE HEMINGWAY

KEY WEST FLORIDA

GOT YOU OFFER FIVE THOUSAND A WEEK STUPID NEGR STUDIO BIG SHIT. SURELY YOU DON'T MEAN I STUPID WIR. ACCEPT AND STOP CONGRATULATE SS

JJD

Well, I thought, it will be nice seeing the old boy again. Five grand a week? Some stupid I knew that he wasn't the kind of guy to stop talking to an old pal just because he was in the big sugar kind of a guy to have around to put the bite on now and then too. He'd never miss it. Makes a fellow feel good to help out an old pal. I felt swell and could hardly wait for his wife. Maybe we could get a house together in Beverly Hills with a big swimming pool and everything. I was wondering how long it would take him to get there when his wife came.

JJD KIRBY
KIRBY STUDIO

KELVIN CITY CALIFORNIA

DON'T BE SILLY STOP

KIRBY

There it was in black and white. I saved the telegram in case some psychia tried to key West might want to see it some day. How do you get that way? I thought. Five grand a week is twice as much as the President of the United States gets. And he says don't be silly Why, F. Scott Fitzgerald was only getting a thousand on the same lot. I told Scott about it. He shook his head sadly.

"Maybe he's right," Scott said. I heard he just turned down fifty thousand for the movie rights to *A Farewell To Arms*. Said he wants a hundred grand or nothing."

"What?" I said.

"That's right," Scott said. "And to think that I thought I was overpaid when they offered me ten for one of mine."

He's not a writer, I said. He's a business man.

Now Scott said. It's a great writer if I don't think so I won't. I have tried to kill him for that.

KILL HIM, I said.

"Sure," Scott said. I was the champ and when I read his stuff I knew he had something. So I dropped a heavy glass sky light on his head at a drinking party. But you can't kill the guy. He's not human."

Hurt him much? I said.

"Not enough," Scott said. "Only twelve stitches."

Too bad, I said.

I could have dropped a whole roof on him after that telegram. I was counting on a nice ten percent for getting him the job. Felt sorry for poor Scott too. Hollywood turned out to be a grave yard for him all right. He died soon after.

I left Hollywood in 1934. It was too lonely. Then one day in New York I saw a big headline in *Forrester*: "HEMINGWAY GETS 100,000 FOR 'FAREWELL'." I read. What do you know? I thought. He got it. That was tops in those days for movie rights to a novel. One hundred thousand smackers! Some game.

Wonder if he can take it. I thought. Prosperity is harder to take than poverty. A lot of good men slow down when they get into the big money. Look at poor Scott Fitzgerald. He was a great champ until he started getting what he thought was big money. Then he never wrote another thing. Then the tems killed him. He was already punch drunk when I saw him in Hollywood. A has-been at 33.

Wonder if Ernest will keep slugging like he always did, or get out of shape too? Might even go high-ton. I didn't see how he could get the swollen head. He had that, as big as it could stretch, ten years ago. Before he had a dime. He can dish it out, I thought, but can he take it?

I found out in the spring of '35.

NEXT MONTH

ROUND 4 "WINNER TAKE NOTHING"

SAVING MONEY ON YOUR WIFE'S CLOTHING

more excellent advice on how to succeed with
women without really trying



"Maybe with a little more lipstick, or something."

satire BY SHEPHERD MEAD

THE FAB-SEEING HUSBAND KNOWS how important it is for his wife to be well-groomed at all times. The sloppy, poorly-dressed wife creates a bad impression everywhere, can even be harmful to a man's standing in the community, and in his business relations.

Remember that a dollar spent to make your wife lovely is a dollar invested not only in her future, but in your own.

BUT BE THINITY

Luckily, good grooming and careless spending do not go hand in hand. Some of our best-groomed matrons are ones who spend the least actual cash, though their investments in taste and careful planning can be large indeed.

There are many ways for the thoughtful husband to help his wife cut clothing expenses. If you remember some of the following methods—and have a well-trained and cooperative wife—com-

can be slashed dramatically.

Use the Model Wife

She can be the same skillfully conceived character discussed above. An occasional word or two about her can be inspiring.

"By the way, per, Jne's wife stopped in at the office today. What a knockout!"

"Oh?"

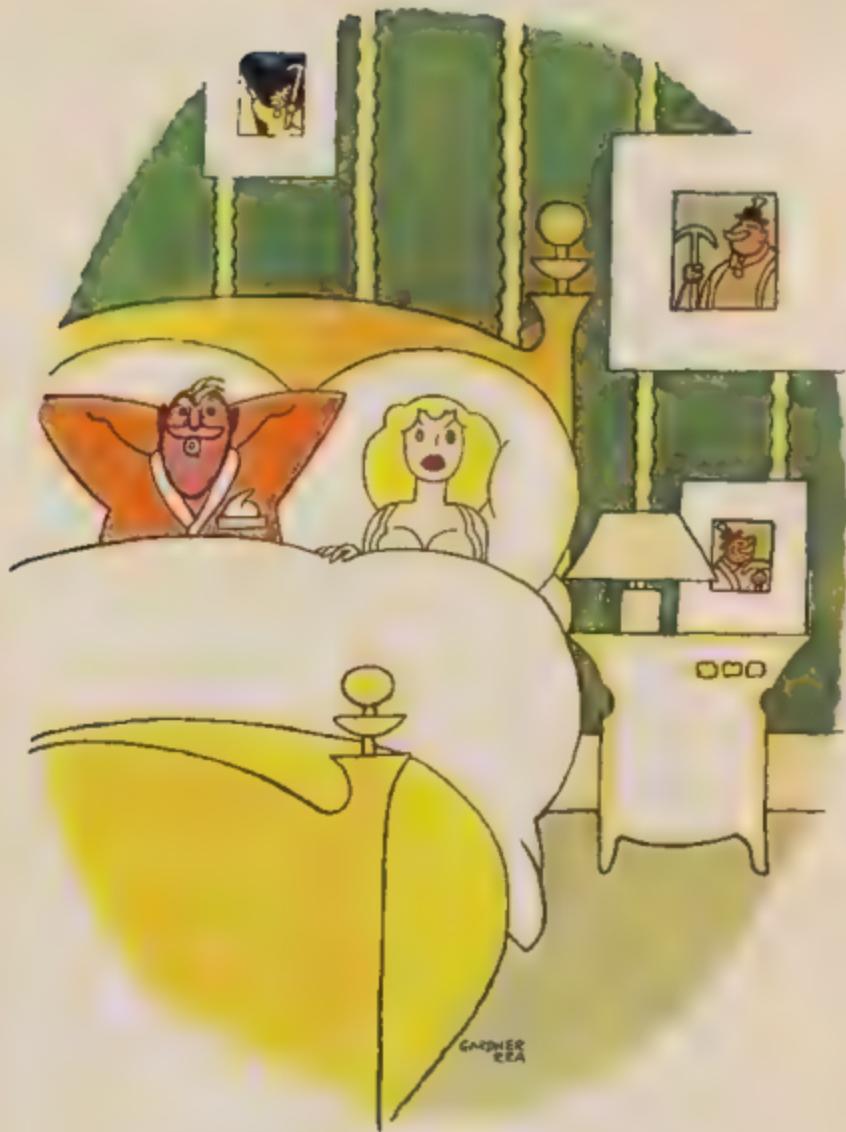
"She hasn't your basic good looks, Phoebe—essentially a plain woman—[a bit of flattery is good here] It's just that she has a genius for clothes. She was wearing this suit—"

"Expensive, I'll bet?"

"No, as a matter of fact she ran it up herself. Bought a 90c pattern, and used the old and semi-covers. Knocked it out in just a few weeks."

THE HAT PROBLEM

Though a woman's hat is utterly use
(continued on page 64)



*"The devil of it is, with Mt. Everest out of the way,
there's nothing left to climb."*

"All I require," said Tahil, "is a \$45 deposit."

A POUND OF FLESH

fiction By Anson Mount

Now you *h*ellboun I do deny that
strong
I have never known *yo* me than you
true

Thomas Wellies

It is in Phantasmagoria

BY THE STAR! Phantasmagoria! Afternumbr
I was a cold, moist, ear, private garden
in phantom, dressing drunk and sawing
the trees through in our nocturnal
exercises.

Our *ex*ercises in those days took
some pretty wild turns. Among other
things we worked out a *clandestine* *code*
called *your* *code*, naming *Ab* women
in the States, *set* playing *supervise* to it
a kind of *slipping* *limbo*. We would
celebrish it with *drinking* *guts* and what
more *fragments* of *U* *down* and *hook*
in *the* *new* *country*. We
were competing *for* *the* *same* *probable*
cases on *July* *thirtieth*, when

*concerning a sinful
enterprise
of heroic proportions*



Talib approached through the stone archway from the street strutting absent- ly over the fly-covered Arab who always slept there in the afternoon. He was wearing that incurious mechanical smile which revealed a protruding semi-circle of almost horizontal upper teeth. I never could figure out why Sammy took such a shine to that bastard. He had eyes like a pawsbreaker and the sense of humor of a barnacle.

Jules sat down and had a slow drink with us. He even made lame attempts at conversation, which told us that he had something bigger on 'up' this time than a little hashish or some easy par- tures. At the first lull in the conversa- tion he began to feel us out. Would we be asked, like our abandoned endeavors on a more domestic basis, with quality, satisfaction and availability always as- sured?

We tried not to appear too enthusiastic, but we admitted that these considera- tions indeed had merit.

Well, it just so happened that a cer- tain business acquaintance of his (a man of impeccable integrity on whose moral virtue and honesty Talib would gladly swear a thousand oaths to Allah) had for sale a 15-year-old girl of the very highest quality. She was fit to mate and to bring to work and (as is the fashion of the land) was owing to Jule's.

This was a sinful enterprise of such heretic proportions that our enthusiasm bowed over on the spot a fatal mistake in the art of dickerling with an Arab. After a little sober reflection, though, I was more skeptical. I could see more than one flaw in the project. There were practical considerations to be taken. When I voiced my doubts Sammy looked at me with the disillusioned eyes of a be- trayed brother. The very thought of me balking over the chance of a lifetime because of a few insignificant details taunted him. He all but dismissed me on the spot.

The absolute minimum sacrifice price it developed (and this only because of Talib's enormous affection and concern for us), would be the French currency equivalent of 86 dollars. Only half pay able in advance, half on delivery.

I was still wary of the idea.

"Look at it this way," Sammy ex- plained. "Suppose we go to a 12% rate of interest. If we go to the best, ours at two dollars a jump, that's more than 1,700 dollars a year. Money 1500 for most of us, man, look at the money we can save!"

His logic was watertight, so the bar- gain was closed.

Like I remarked to Sammy later on, we were maybe the only sailors in the history of the U.S. Merchant Marine ever to purchase a 15-year-old girl, cash on the barrelhead. Not that either of us wanted a wife or kids, you understand. In those days of our youth when the hormones were coursing wildly through our veins, like the poets say, we were more interested in recreation than pro-creation.

No place on the face of the Earth could have been better suited for the

taffing of what little hell our psyches honked after than the near-native quarter of Casablanca. The ways of fate and the Merchant Marine took us there in the summer of 1945, with the help of a German submarine that sank our ship off the coast of Morocco in late June.

The British destroyer that picked us up had deposited us in Casablanca. A harried American consular official took us in hand and found us a temporary shel- ter in a hotel, but the bureaucratic wheels of the Merchant Marine could grind forever before our deliverance was effected, so most of us sought private quarters in other parts of the city.

It was only natural that Sammy and I should look for a place together, we had been all but inseparable aboard ship. On the surface, ours was an unlikely friend- ship. Sammy was the son of a wealthy Eastern family who had steeped him in the finest cultural traditions of Europe. I was a farce from Indiana whose most consuming interests until a few months before had been football and pugs. But Sammy had been the proprietor of the most astonishing library of books I had ever seen. Not ordinary pornography that would have been interesting with a few good lists. He could write a book on the art of torture. Some were of a pseudo-medical or ethological per- spective, but exciting, breath-taking reading nevertheless. I had discovered this library, and, with it, Sammy, during the long and dreary weeks at sea.

Our friendship grew with these monotonous days and we did a pretty good job of showing each other, from a perspective of ten years, I can look back and see what innocents (but imaginative) kids we were. Our fabrications had been a harmless kind of vacuous indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh, but they grew into an eerier-than-shun game that eventually reached proportions that scared the hell out of both of us.

Sammy's library had been lost with the ship. But by now we had plans for diver- sions of a more direct nature, so we didn't really miss it. The success of our projected schemes to sample the sensual delights of the world depended largely upon private quarters, and we found them with the help of Jules, a delightful little French corporal we met at a tobacco shop.

As in other cities I know, Africa there are two sections of Casablanca, the European area and the native quarter. But there is also a kind of twilight zone where it seems to meet. The more Westernized natives as well as the Europeans of shaded history dwell here in comparative peace. It was in this area I found a large white stucco building of Moorish architecture, that we found a sur- pris-ingly well-furnished apartment.

The building was surrounded by a high stone wall which also enclosed a Spanish garden of almost Iberian splendor, with orange trees and fragrant bushes and grape arbor. Here we whiled away most of our idle afternoons, lounging on intricate wrought iron garden furniture, drinking arrack and planning with the help of Jules, hair-raising Institute depravities. Arrack is an Arab beverage

of questionable composition and high muzzle velocity. Its principal virtues are that it is quite cheap and after a couple of slugs your taste buds are deadened enough so that drinking the stuff is merely painless.

Sammy made some hashish fudge one day that almost turned out to be a big success. We had a hell of a goddy good time for the two hours it took us to eat it, but we both turned a lovely green and got sick as dogs before even in. The recipe for this concoction was furnished by Talib, as was the powdered hashish which was its main ingredient. I was also Talib who volunteered to introduce us to some of the more scintillating sorceres that were held nightly in the Arab sector. For days we planned a visit to the most notorious bordello in Casablanca, where, Talib guaranteed, the "exhibitors" we would witness would be beyond our wildest fantasies and we would have our own choice of the most desirable tail in North Africa. Unfortunately, we got so roaring drunk the night before our intended visit that our hangovers were unbearable and we de- cided to postpone the debauchery for a few days.

It was at this point that Talib showed up with the girl for sale. And, like Sammy said, it was such a hell of a good bargain that we couldn't afford to turn it down.

I thought Jules was going to suffocate with laughter when, later on the after noon of Talib's visit, we told him ex- citedly of our business deal. At first he didn't believe us. When we finally convinced him that we had really given Talib a \$45 deposit on the merchandise, he folded his arms around his waist and howled. Through his tears he told us in gags that we had just bitten at the oleo and most elusive can come in North Africa. The Girl For Sale dodge, it seemed, was the Mornement equivalent of the Brooklyn Bridge Sale and the Statue of Liberty rolled into one.

We had just spent the afternoon in waddly excited conversation, but now we sank into a melancholy of hurt pride and injured dignity that was too terrible for Jules to behold for very long, so he left us alone in our garden to lick our respective wounds.

"Well, it was a good idea anyway," Sammy said, and poured another glass.

Around midnight, through a haze of sadness and attack, I became conscious of a commotion outside our front door. I yelled at Sammy to wake up. There was a knock at the door and we both jumped to our feet. Outside we found Talib, turtled of manner and shifty of eye. He asked if we had the final payment ready. Sammy recovered his wits before I did and said something to the effect of *habeas corpus*. A form was brought out of the shadows, clothed rather heavily in what appeared to be an old mattress cover.

The payment was made and very sud- denly we were alone to our front room with our purchase two arms and two legs protruding from four jagged holes

(continued overleaf)



campus pullovers for sportsmen, spectators and scholars

UNIVERSITY TEAMS, even in the halls of Ivy League, roar for their university pullovers as loudly as they roar for the race and weights. Whether in sing a volume of "Yankee" or the swing of a passing gong, a learned man looks to his sweater as the most perfect keepsake attire. Though it may not fit, it outlasts teaching you that "Geology 101" he never wears it; a slide in Geology 101, he never then keeps at least three or four on hand (twisters, that is); for every exercise from skating to shearing. Favorites for the fall campus scene are found on the blackboard, here, in a pullover blouse

three worth having, features no shrink no stretch no fade. Starting at board's top, a bright V neck pullover in a red and gray vertical stripe, hand washable in a blend of lamb's wool and cotton, \$10. The powder blue V neck is for milder tastes, a Bernhard Almquist cashmere that sets you back the price of a cow, \$20. \$5.50, not worth it. The big stitched, bulky blue-and-white ski sweater in heavy neck is another hand washable job, four-ply, from 200% wool, \$17.95. Even if you take a fib in sowing down the mountain, you are assured the garment will look just as natty with a pair

of black flannel shorts on campus. Critics and a doctor cast additional doubt on woolly nature. The oxford gray crew neck is as traditional as eastern schools as the Harvard-Yale game, is usually worn with chino or flannel trousers. This one is blend of lamb's wool and cotton for simple scrubbing, and includes a good-looking cable stitch for \$13.95. At the bottom of the heap is a perennial ski pad in taste on or off the slopes: a red hot turtle-neck that's all wool and a yard wide. Washable, too, at \$14.95.



POUND OF FLESH (continued from page 60)

in a craton sack. We had bought a pig in a poke and we were afraid to look.

Finally, Sammy unfolded the sack-cloth. I stopped breathing for a moment. We found eyes that were liquid black with little flecks of gold in them, soft dark skin and long black hair, full lips that were pink and moist and a trifle nervous. The sack-cloth, where it fell against her body, showed promising bangles. But the expression on her face was that of a trapped animal.

I was a little nervous myself and I gazed moodily when I first saw the liveliness and fear in her face.

Sammy spoke in her French.

"We'll not hurt you," he said. "We want you to live here and take care of our house for us."

She seemed to understand and looked a little less likely to run off.

"Quick," Sammy told me in English, "make some tea."

Now that I think about it, I honestly believe that everything would have worked out fine if I had only had the good judgment to turn out the lights that first night when I took her to my room. I had won the flip of the quoits so my turn came first. She was inquisitive enough, she didn't even object when I took off her robe when we were alone in my room. But, damn it, she just sat on the edge of the bed and looked at me. An unblinking, searching stare, it had something of pleading and something of wonder in it. She hadn't said a word since she arrived. But as she sat naked on the bed beside me there was something of the little girl in her aspect that damaged my ardor. Most of all I guess, it was the trapped look on her face that stopped me cold.

I realized that I was confused. I sat and studied her for a long moment. She lowered her head and looked at the floor with such a depth of sadness and regret that I did the most surprising thing of my life. I lifted the covers and tucked her into bed.

When I awoke next morning Sammy was shaking me.

"Hey, bawer boy," he said with a glint of humor in his eye, "you must have really inspired that girl. She's been up since dawn, cleaning up the house peccy."

"You're kidding!" I said bleary-eyed.

"Like hell I am." He sat down on the edge of the bed. "She must have been well trained wherever she came from. She's been cleaning up and mopping and dusting like crazy. She's out in the kitchen cooking breakfast right now."

"Breakfast?" This was almost too much to believe.

"Well, I guess it's breakfast." He paused thoughtfully for a moment. "Say, have you ever eaten carrots stewed on Modena wine for breakfast?"

"Good God, no!"

"Neither have I come to think of it. Guess I'm not up on my French cookery. But I expect we better eat it anyway. She's trying awfully hard not there and I wouldn't want to hurt her feelings the first day. Anyway, the hot buttered rolls

she made look pretty good."

While I was getting into my clothes I could smell the fragrance of coffee coming from the kitchen. I found Sammy enthroned at the dining table lifting a napkin by the corner and reaching for the hot rolls. The table was all set and two cups of coffee were poured.

We made a pretty good show of eating breakfast. The carrots weren't so bad, after all. Not so bad.

While we ate she stood brooding in the corner of the room. We tried to get her to sit down with us but she refused. It was then that it occurred to us that we didn't know her name. Sammy questioned her in French but she wouldn't answer. She was either stubborn or the child's understand.

So we had a long discussion over our breakfast that morning about what to call her.

Let's call her Sundae," Sammy finally suggested. "It's a nice twist on the Robinson Crusoe story."

A many spell descended upon Cam Blanca shortly before Sundae came to us and we were forced to spend most of our days indoors. There wasn't much to do so we drank and talked. I guess the monotony of staying inside and the delusion of the endless rain caused us to get on each other's nerves. But, for me at least, there was an even more disturbing element. After all the big talk we had answered no each other, my pride would not let me tell Sammy that my conscience had gotten the better of me. Each night that Sundae slept peacefully and trustingly beside me I felt less and less capable of trying to make her. In fact, I found myself developing an unusually protective attitude toward her. This unexpected chevalier turn in my nature was outraged at the calm and lighthearted manner with which Sammy took her to my room every other night and the self-satisfied look on his face the morning after. I found myself being shocked at the unabashed lechery of his character.

My pride made me steer the conversation away from the events of the bed room and I was relieved when Sammy didn't bring up the subject either. I didn't want to hear his smug reports.

But we did have some agreeably good times anyway. One day Sammy decided that the men's underwear and trousers Sundae had taken to wearing (she borrowed them from my bureau drawer) were not fitting in any sense of the word. So he came home that afternoon with an assortment of feminine lingerie complete with all the talon straps and bows and elastic. Now, the geography of ladies' undergarments was something of a mystery to both of us. We sat around discussing the project and drinking attack most of the afternoon before Sammy, fortified with alcoholic courage, undertook the task at hand. I sat in the corner and howled while he got her into the brasiere. He was a study in analytic concentration while he pulled elastic cords and hooked and

fastened and clipped. I offered some tame suggestions but he ignored them. When he had finished she looked like a confused and resentful puppy that had just been put onto leash for the first time.

We knew, of course that our infamy would have to come to an end some time. But when the news arrived — five days after our purchase of Sundae — we really weren't prepared for it. The American consul had arranged for us to leave for London the following Monday. There we would board a freighter on the States.

A pall of gloom settled over the apartment. And as it was added for all feelings lost to him, "Sammy isn't here. His father's dead and can't be here so the growing feeling of his resentment is a pain. His infamy made it only too obvious to me that he was a bad boy, a state of Sundae's affectus. So neither nasty facet of his nature was coming to the surface."

I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't been drunk. The tension and resentment had been building inside me for days, and one afternoon when we had been sitting around mostly in silence drinking and looking out the French windows at the constant rain, Sammy said something that rubbed my for the wrong way.

"Why you vulgar son-of-a-bitch." I said, "you feel pretty proud of yourself, don't you?"

He hit me in the mouth with the attack bottle before I could finish. If that iron chair I threw at him had connected it would have killed him. It was soul satisfying to throw my fist into his face.

Now ordinarily I could whip Sammy. I'm bigger than he is, for one thing. But Sammy holds his alcohol better than I do and my equilibrium was in bad shape that day. He had me down on the floor pounding the daylight out of me when he suddenly stopped and looked across the room. Sundae was crowded in the corner weeping hysterically. Sammy was over there in an instant putting his arms around her and trying to comfort her. I wiped the blood out of my eyes and then went into the bathroom to clean myself up. When I returned he was sitting on the floor with his arms around Sundae talking quietly to her. She was whimpering, her little world had exploded unexpectedly and the shock must have been terrible.

I sat down on the floor beside them. Our antagonism was gone now. We were congenitally friendly to each other, I guess, to reassure our frightened little girl.

There was still the question of what was to be done with her. That evening after supper we faced up to the problem for the first time. We didn't even discuss the possibility of selling her back to Tahiti, it was important to us to see that she had a good home after we were gone. Our departure was only three days away, so we decided to take our problems to Jules. He could always be counted on for advice and help.

"Why don't you turn her over to the convent orphanage?" Jules suggested the

(continued on page 79)



less, performing no function whatever in warming, protecting, or shedding rain, many women have an unceasing and emotional desire for new ones.

The husband who resists this stoutly will not only save considerable sums of money, but will be doing his wife a real service. We will list a few tested methods.

Admire Her Hair

A woman who has any hair at all believes it is beautiful. Knowing this is a valuable weapon in itself.

Observe the way the light strikes your hair, pet."

"Oh, you like it, Davie?"

"Flcks of pure gold in it."

(No matter what the color of a woman's hair, she will always accept the fact that it has flecks of gold in it.)

"Oh, really?"

"Take off that hat, will you?"

"But it's a real hat, Davie."

"A real hat, but not why that you always look so much lovelier with your hat off. Must be your beautiful hair, pet."

Notice the Field

If you aren't successful in eliminating the hat all together the next best thing is to reduce the number of garments.

Always maintain that you prefer the small black hat, the smaller the better. Staff at all decorations.

How do you like my hat, Davie?"

Fine, pet, really brings out the blue in your eyes.

(Make the opening remarks without looking at the hat.)

You haven't even looked at it."

"Oh, Yes. Always liked that hat."

It's a new hat, Davie.

I liked it better before you put the little shoochick on it."

"David, it's new, the whole hat."

"Really? Well, why don't you just take the shoochick off anyway?"

"Well, if I do, it'll be just the same as that other one."

Oh, will it?"

It may take a few years, but after a while she will begin to see the hidden logic of this.

If, on the other hand, you discover she has added an inexpensive decoration to an old hat, your course is clear.

"I like that new shoochick Phoebe, does a lot for you."

Is it new, Davie? I just put this little shoochick decoration on here, and —"

Well, it looks new! By golly, somehow it does something to your whole face, Phoebe, gives it a kinda glow.

If necessary, start this yourself. Pick up a sprig of bittersweet, say. There is a good supply in most reception rooms.

"For you, pet. Saw a nice old lady selling it, and it just cried out for you! Remember that little black hat of yours?"

"Davie, they're practically all little black hats!"

"The one I like so much. There!"

(Pick any one, at random.) "Just

ton the bittersweet here, pin it, and — voilà!"

"Well, I don't know —"

Really, does something for you, Phoebe. Gives you a kinda glow."

The Come-or-the-Hat Approach

Occasionally your wife may, in spite of all your efforts, insist on a hat, and she will think, dramaque hat. The unskilled husband objects violently. This is unwise. The more you protest, the more she will want the hat.

Be big, be smart. Take the opposite tack, praise it extravagantly.

You really like it, Davie?"

"Like it? Phoebe, I simply can't take my eyes off of it. I guess it's the most beautiful hat I've ever seen."

"Really?"

Honest signal. It's such a really stunning hat that I wonder — (hesitate a moment and then shake your head slowly.)

"What's the matter, Davie?"

"No, I think you can get away with it. Only a really beautiful face could compete with it, pet, and I think you're the gal."

"Old?"

"Maybe with a little more lipstick, or something." She'll still love you — and yet you'll find that in most cases she'll take the hat back for a refund.

THE PROBLEM OF STYLE

Unlike men, women do not wear out clothes. They throw them away while still quite sturdy because they are "out of style."

The woman who believes she is out of style feels the same way a man feels with his trousers. This is purely a mental problem. Help your wife to face it. She will be better adjusted, and your savings will be encouraging.

There are many ways to combat the style psychosis without sacrificing any of your wife's wavy affection for you.

Avoid High Style

Very high style changes every month, with each new edition of the fashion magazines. Gentle humor is your best defense against it. This requires little thought since the very latest fashions will have one or more bulges, bumps, flares, or other odd departures from the more normal lines of the female figure.

Wait until your wife spots a walking exhibit of haute couture.

Here, Davie, that's just what I want, the —

"I see."

(Look at a different woman.)

Isn't it beautiful?"

"I do like it, Phoebe. Clean and pale. Doesn't do her any harm, though, being next to that downy getup. Look at the green job with the bulges!"

"David, I mean the green one!"

"Oh, really?"

Delay, If You Can

The cheerful delay is also effective against high style. Put off the purchase

a month or so and you can be sure she won't want it any more.

"Please, Davie, please?"

"Yes, indeed, Phoebe, you must have it. The latest and best is none too good for my Phoebe!"

Thanks, David."

"In fact, I'll go with you when you try it on, Oh!"

"Tomorrow?"

"I've Oh. Can't make it tomorrow. Let's try it early next week. (Keep this up for just a few weeks, then rework.)

Oh, Phoebe, Joe's wife dropped into the office today. Had on one of those off-the-hip-bone jobs we were going to get you."

(Note. "We were")

Oh, those. She can have it. David didn't catch on at all."

Use Flattery.

"Don't you think it's stunning, Davie?"

"Well, ingenious anyway, Phoebe. Damned clever way to hide those fat hips. Mighty glad my party streamlined little gal doesn't need cheaters like that! Takes a figure like yours, Phoebe, in wear a little black dress."

(The man who establishes early the principle of The Little Black Dress can save himself the price of a spent car in the course of any marriage, even a short one.)

HOW TO AVOID FUR COATS

The Sable-or-Nothing Device

Always remember that nothing is too good for your wife.

Make it clear that you want to buy her a fur coat — but only the best fur coat. For her you will accept no imitation, no shoddy substitutes.

"Davie, I was just thinking. It's beginning to get cold now, and well, I just happened to walk by the fur —"

"Did you?" (Walk in quickly. To delay at this stage may bring disaster.) "Reminds me that Joe's wife dropped by the office today. Had on one of those, uh, rat skin coats.

"You mean mink? Davie. That's just what I —"

"Some kind of mink. Mink. I meant to look like mink. Hm, imagine wearing a like mink! Not for my girl!"

"But Davie, all I've got is that old tweed!"

"It's a real tweed, though, baby. No imitation. Know what I want for you, Phoebe? Sable. Sable or nothing, baby."

"But you've been saying that for six years!"

"And I still mean it! Nothing's too good for you, Phoebe."

The Allergy

One of the miracles of modern medicine is the fact that we now have a number of interesting diseases of our forefathers were not even aware of. In fact, we are discovering new and fascinating illnesses almost as fast as we learn to (concluded on page 85)

*a second look at a high, handsome haven—
pre-planned and furnished for the bachelor in town*



PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

A MAN'S HOME is not only his castle; it is or should be the outward reflection of his inner self — a comfortable, livable and yet exciting expression of the person he is and the life he leads. But the overwhelming percentage of houses are turn-key in variety. What of the bachelor and his need for a place to call his own? Here's the answer: PLAYBOY'S penthouse apartment, home for a sophisticated man of parts...a fit setting for his full life and a compliment to his guests of both sexes. Here a man, perhaps like you, can live in masculine elegance.

At first glance, it obviously looks like a hell of a fine place to live and love and

be merry...a place to relax in a one or two story lointain or to混迹 with some only law...a wonderful setting for big or small parties...or, short, a bachelor's dream place. It's all these, but it's more too — thanks to the fact that it doesn't follow the conventional plan. It separates rooms for various purposes. Instead, there are two basic areas: an alcove zone for fun and partying and a quiet zone for relaxation, sleep and such.

The living room, with its cozy shadow box fireplace suggesting a fireside on the couch...but it's just as inviting to a cardful crowd of felons? A central sun deck room entertainment center, re-



BEDROOM

recessed in the giant storage wall that separates living room from foyer, contains binoculars, hi-fi, FM, TV, tape recorder, movie and slide projectors. And, methe moving that blue Saarinen armchair makes living room and dining room one—for gala entertaining. Kitchen and dining room, too, may be used separately or together, thanks to the sliding Shoji

screens which divide them. These areas comprise the apartment's active zone which was described in detail last month.

A huge bed dominates the penthouse bedroom. This is a magnificent sleeping platform of veneer plywood on steel legs, 8 feet long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. The 4" airfoam mattress sits short enough off the floor so that the platform's end serves

as a bench on which to slouch while donning or doffing shoes and socks.

Casement windows stretch across one entire wall, framing an ever-changing, living mural of our man's city. In the corner nook formed by windows and the Modernfold door which closes off the study is a charmed circle where a bache for noisy have a romantic nightcap with



Above: Hidden by the brick wall in the illustration at left, the bedroom includes well-hung, clear maple cabinets (Knoll #121, \$249) with white lacquer inlays fitted out as a bar. Below: Laminated walnut chair designed by Eames, made by Miller (LCW, \$58) is part of the bedroom's lounge-area furniture grouping.



Below: Classic Noguchi table built by Miller (#50 IN, \$350) has thick, clear glass top resting on black lacquer legs, is nucleus of bedroom lounge area. It is sturdy and, of course, alcohol proof.

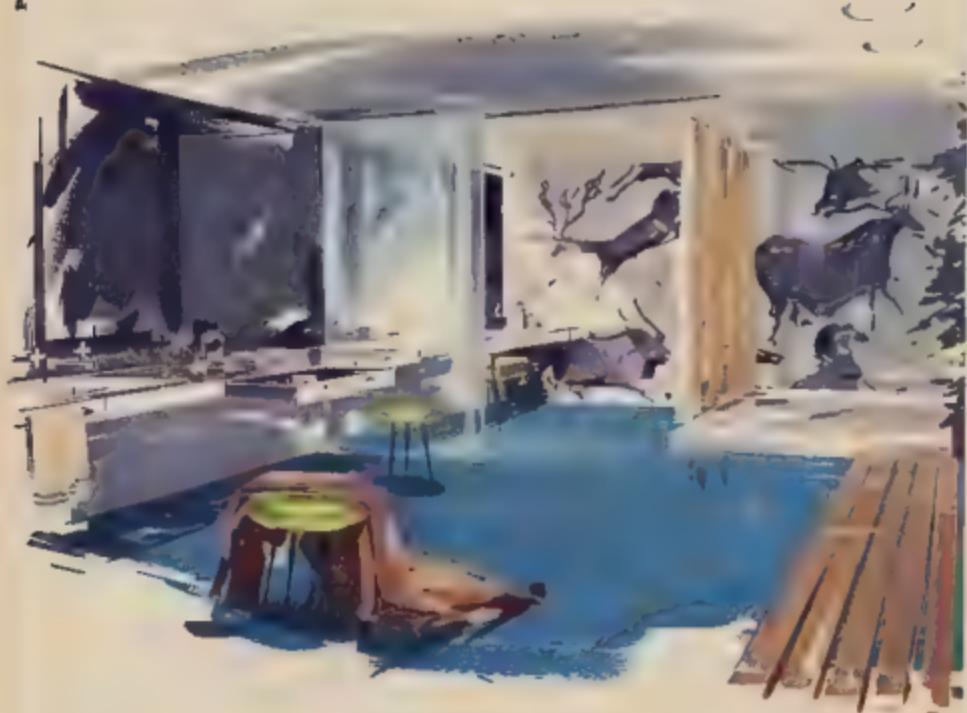


Custom headboard-storage unit creates a dressing area.

as shown guest. Grouped here are a Saarinen chair (the mate of the one in the living room), a walnut chair and free-form Noguchi table. Across from you (but hidden in the illustration by the brick wall) is a hanging wall cabinet wherein is cannily concealed a built-in bar and small refrigerator, just large enough for ice cubes, mixers and mid-

night snacks—a boon to the barefoot bachelor in PJ's who's reluctant to trek to the kitchen for his good-night potion, or perhaps unwilling to interrupt the duet dialogue he's been sharing.

Now, we've tipped the nocturnal drum and it is bed time, having said "suppy night" (or "come along, now, dearest") to the last guest, it's time to sink into



BATHROOM

the arms of Morpheus for a more comely substitute). Do we go through the house turning out the lights and locking up? No, flipping on the luxurious bed, we have within easy reach the multiple controls of its unique headboard. Here we have silent mercury switches and a rheostat that control every light in the place and can subtly dim the bedroom lighting to just the right romantic level. Here, too, are the switches which control the curtains for floor, door and terrace window locks. Beside them are push buttons to draw the continuous, heavy pure-linen lined draperies on sail track,

which can insure darkness at noon - or noon. Above are built in speakers fed by the remotely-controlled hi-fi and radio based in the electronic entertainment installation in the living room. On either side of the bed are storage cupboards with doors that hinge downward to create bedside tables. Within are telephone, with on-off switch for the bell, and miscellaneous bed tune items. Soft mood music flows through the room and the stars shine in the easement as you snuggle down.

At the start of a new day, the claus

Below: The bathroom's flat bench (Knoll #400, \$84) in natural oak has foam rubber cushion cover for sun-bump bathing. At bottom upholstered vanity seat is by Miller (#4672, \$56).





Top left: By all odds your chair of chairs will be this contour lounge set by Herman Miller (chair #670, footstool #671, \$605 for both) which will hold you in free-floating luxury. Lower left: Knoll cabinets line the study's window wall, shown in walnut, available in other woods; in 4 and 6 foot lengths (#342, \$264, #341, \$381). Top right: Close-up look of texture of continuous carpet used in bedroom and study—a tweedy, wool-reyon mixture. Lower right: Desk is one of Knoll's #1500 series which offers 12 different pedestal arrangements; ranges from \$450 to \$550; the upholstered swivel chair is by Knoll (#715, \$177).

STUDY



start sounds meaning music comes on and the headboard's automatic controls again prove their value: reaching out to the control panel, you press the buttons in the left-hand unit and immediately the fan begins to spin around and ground coffee is ground in the right-hand unit while the coffee beans are roasting, the coffee beans then metamorphosis into coffee and eggs fried just right, and after being hot fresh java. Now you flip the switch that draws the curtains and opens the shower doors, let it be understanding art. How can't he there? Just as I said.

Just off the bedrooms is the bath, you shave and shower and as you towel off you go back to the bedrooms but now you stay in the dressing area behind the bed's seven-foot-tall headboard, which also contains drawers and shelves in the bath with an ingenious way to draw any point of the bedroom proper a drawing to the bathroom, which is spaded off extends in a glass case or prompter through glass. On this at the left is equipped with sliding doors (one of them screened) behind which are three proof trays for babies' tubery, a rotating tv rack and, below, a bean locker with a hand height suspended row of lever openers to show baby the latest fad door when open doors a bath. Here too is the concealed bathtub, a blanket chest and, above it, storage shelves for linen. Opposite is an entire closet wall with separate compartments for winter wear, summer wear, sports clothes, dress clothes and a guest closet with lighted built-in vanity. The closet at the bath room end of the wall is warm-air dried and has brass fixtures for hanging huge turkish towels and terry-cloth robes; the one at the opposite end has sliding shelves of cedar for flat-laying sweaters and knit T-shirts. Mirrors on the inside of the two center doors, which open in opposite directions, combine with the one on the head-board unit to form a three-way mirror.

The outside bathroom is as practical as the white and two-bath arrangement and carries out the apartment's feeling of spaciousness. The room actually contains two areas, separated by a sliding screen of translucent glass, so that the one adjoining the bedroom can be completely private while the other remains accessible from the apartment's active zone. Suppose early guests arrive before their host is quite ready for them, with the sliding screen closed he can shower and dress undisturbed while they freshen up on the other side. The lavatory itself is completely enclosed, ensuring total privacy. In addition to the john, it has a bidet, magnate rack, ash tray and telephone. (Let's face it, there are bachelors, as well as some of their guests, who like to spend quite a lot of time in the throne room, maybe as a hangover from younger days of living at home, when it was the only place to get away from it all—hence we've made this push head a comfort station in every sense of the phrase.)

The bathroom impresses with its size

and colorfulness. With the screen rolled back, there's a commissary counter with two wash basins (one on either side of the screen) with backlit mirror above. A row of compartmented drawers below, whose handles are towel racks, hold the potions, lotions, medicines, sun-creams and other mysteries which ordinarily crown conventional medicine chests. One entire wall is decorated with bold and vigorous primitive paintings reminiscent of the prehistoric drawings in the caves of Lascaux. In the corner is a huge, rectangular, recessed tub which serves as the floor of the shower. The shower head—and the pipes leading to it—are concealed in masses foliage growing on both sides of the picture window pane which divides this end of the bath from the dressing area of the bedroom. What with the cave paintings and the wall of greenery from which the spray descends, you may feel as though you're bathing under a waterfall in an exotic outdoor setting—an impression you can enhance with strokes with latex by running out the water and recessed into the ceiling. *Stevensky's Fine Art Paintings*—or the *Chair Hamilton Quartet*—turn as loud on the bath room hi-fi speaker will accentuate the mood. For more serious sun bathing we've a Knoll slab bench with recessed sun lamps in the ceiling above it, panelled with a four-rather than a seven waterproof Naugahyde, it is a handy place to stretch out and luxuriate in a tropical glow all the year 'round.

Even a bachelor in his own domain needs a place like our apartment's study where he can get away from the rest of the house and be really alone, where if he wishes he can leave papers on the desk in seeming disarray (actually in that precious disorder in which he alone can lay hands on just what he wants). This is the sanctum sanctorum, where women are seldom invited where we can work or read or just sit and think while gazing into the fireplace.

Continuous storage cabinets range the full length of the study's window wall, providing ample storage for typewriter, dictaphone, stationery, office supplies, and hobby gear or scale-model collection. Impossibly putting from these is the twin size desk, with comfortable model chair by Knoll (#715, \$177). On the other side of the desk is an easy chair (Miller #5184 \$350). Here on special occasions you will seat the beauteous guest with whom you want to work in your own surroundings and undisturbed—or as a rare exception the admiring fass whose fond gaze makes poring over your papers more enjoyable.

Flanking the fireplace is an occasional table to hold pipes, humidifier, books and magazines, and an enormously comfortable upholstered canouised Herman Miller armchair with foot stool, a lord of the domain chair reserved for you alone, which holds all of you evenly supported—the right places and fits in with your relaxed posture so that you and the chair are like twin spous nested together. On the other side of the fireplace is a globe

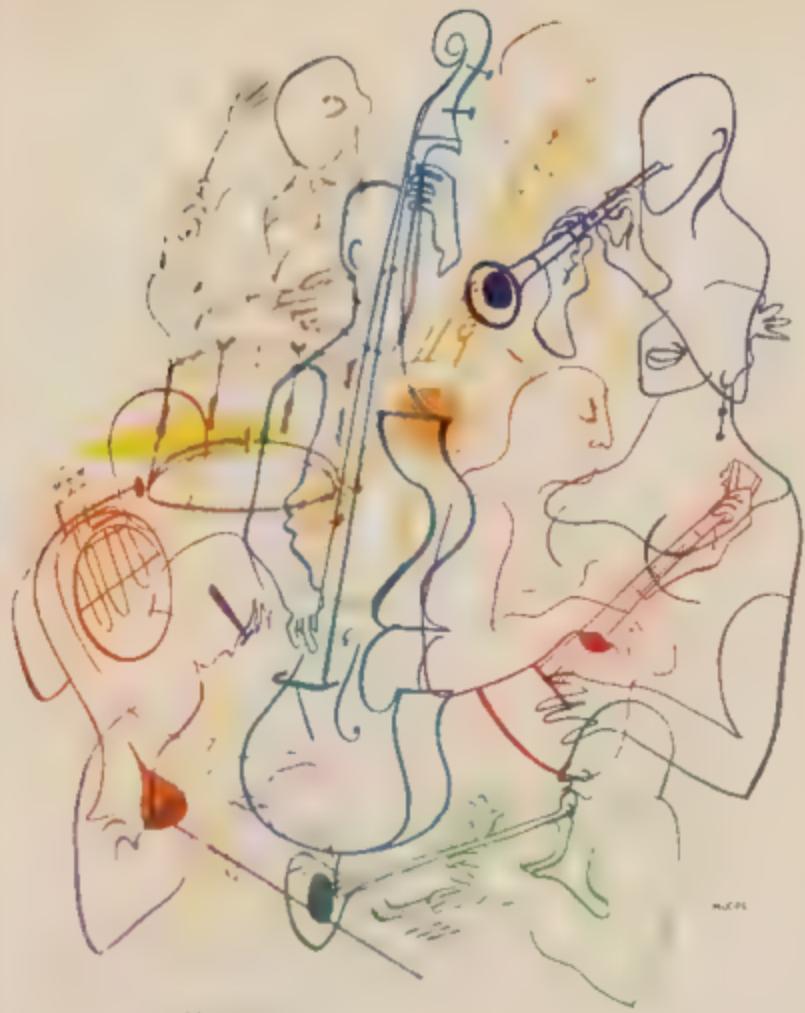
of the world, 1st from within, craftily pinpricked so that major cities show out as flecks of brightness.

The entire third wall is bookcase, floor to ceiling. The two bottom shelves are wide and deep enough to hold record of books, stamp albums, your biggest picture books and encyclopedias. The rest of the bookcase, on up, is shelves of normal width and depth, except that there is a space 20 inches high between the wide and narrow shelves, backlit, providing a surface on which to lay open a dictionary or an atlas. At either end of this bookcase wall are banular hi-fi speakers which connect with the sound equipment in the lower wall. With a study like this, even the most dedicated pub crawler or theatre and nightclub buff will be tempted to stay in his own surround go in for a wild view from the window wall. But suppose the playboy master of the house decides that now, with the winter season starting, he wants to hold a tea, big shindig. By folding back that arched door between study and bedroom the two are merged into one magnificent room with the continuous carpeting from end to end and the matched draperies to tie it all together. Now the whole apartment's a grown-up's playground. No lurking family-free for all day, nights the sun down and it's time for prime oysters and breakfast.

Throughout the apartment, its strikingly different atmosphere is achieved by the bold though harmonious use of solid color and interesting texture. Entering the bedroom from the living room we are immediately aware of the textural difference between the living room's cork floor and the luxurious wall-to-wall carpeting of the bedroom, which seems to invite a barefoot romp but which also beheads such smartness. The dramatic brick wall between study and bedroom projects at an angle to establish a relationship between the small room you are in and the living room and the sleeping room. It is, just as the lead wall is, a really separate sleeping and dressing. Lighting—ample and glareless—is provided by those conical fixtures called "top hats," which are recessed into the ceiling at strategic locations. Lamps, which would impede the clean open look of the place, are virtually dispensed with, there is a complete absence of lace-curtain, patterned fabric, pleats and ruffles.

This is the kind of pre-planning in design and furnishing which makes *PLAYBOY's* penthouse apartment a bachelor haven of virile good looks, a place styled for a man of taste and sophistication. This is his place, to fit his needs, yet his needs reflect his personality.

For further information on any aspect of the *PLAYBOY* penthouse apartment, write *Playboy Reader Service, 11 E. Superior Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.*



THE
PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL



THE PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL

PLAYBOY JAZZ FAN will want to help choose the musicians for the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND. No imaginary aggregation, this. The winners will appear in the pre-test jazz spectacle of the year, the first time the PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ CONTACT. They will also record a CD and an LP.

There is no age, popularity pull ever considered in the poll and we want every JAZZ FAN to enter who enjoys the music. So, no, it's another "cool schmuck" and "cool chick" contest.

Help choose your favorite jazzmen, a poll in the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ POLL. Besides those simple instructions will get your balloting in the mail today.

1. You are voting for the JAZZ FAN for the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND. If your leader likes, you may feel free to nominate a star of your leading jazz institution. If it is your year, or the last few, male and female vocalists, or the vocal groups that you sing with, the wind and/or instrumental combos, or female vocalists, mothers, your best appears on the first two pages. In some cases you are allowed assume that one vote in a category for themselves or themselves. Be

careful to cast the proper number of votes as too many in any one category will disqualify all the votes in that category.

2. A Nominating Board composed of 200 critics and representatives of major recording companies* has nominated 100 in each category that they consider to be the outstanding artists of 1956 and thus may serve as a ballot for that voting. However, you may vote for any living artist in the poll field. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been mentioned simply place an X in the box before his name, if you wish to vote for an artist who is not so mentioned, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it. Votes in as many categories as you want to can well not be penalized if you do some however.

3. Please print your correct name and address at the end of the ballot. It is requested that you cast only one ballot in the poll and that your correct name and address appear on it. Ballots that do not include a correct name and address cannot be counted.

4. Cut your ballot along the dotted line

and mail to **PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL**, 112 Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. A postage paid reply card is attached for your convenience. And for your future to jazz artists and great jazz leaders, let us say today: No ballot can be accepted with a postage due, at the time of mailing. The results will be published in a independent issue of *PLAYBOY* and the **PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND** winners will be announced in the *PLAYBOY* issue.

NOMINATING BOARD (July 1956) has chosen John S. Wilson, *SOUL COFFEE*; Whitney Ballif, *ASTORIAN REVIEW*; Walter Holden, *ASTORIAN REVIEW*; Bob Hope, *WEED PLATINUM*; Fred Taylor, *ASTORIAN REVIEW*; Nelson Freire, *ASTORIAN REVIEW*; George M. Cohan, *ASTORIAN REVIEW*; W. H. Metal, *ASTORIAN REVIEW*; Neftali Grana, *ELLENAGAN*; George Avakian, *ELLENAGAN*; Max Weisz, *FANTASY RECORDS*; Blue Seal, *MERCURY RECORDS*; Richard Bena, *PATRIOT JAZZ*; Bob Weinstock, *PATRIOT RECORDS*; Fred Rehberg, *RECORDS*; Victor B. Green, Jr., *REVERSED RECORDS*; Eddie Calvert, *SACRED RECORDS*; John Hammond, *SACRED RECORDS*.

YOUR 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND BALLOT

LEADER

(Please check one)

- Louis Armstrong
- George Auld
- Sammie Banas
- Leonard Bernstein
- Dave Brubeck
- Laddie Charles
- Miles Davis
- Wilbur Deller
- Louie Bellson - *Jointly*
- Duke Ellington
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Harry Goodman
- Friedrich Gulda
- Clark Hallstrom
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- J. J. Johnson - *Jointly*
- Gene Jones
- Stan Kenton
- Gene Krupa
- John Lewis
- Charlie M. Nagus
- George Mallinger
- Tito Puente
- Sonny Rollins
- Bob Scobey
- Cal Tjader

TRUMPET

(Please check four)

- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Ruby Braff
- Donald Byrd
- Buck Clayton
- Miles Davis
- Louis DeCarlo
- Sidney DeParis
- Kenny Dorham
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Elliott
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Bobo Blanqui
- Thad Jones
- Joe Newman
- Shorty Rogers
- Bud Shank
- Clark Terry
- Don Stoen
- Paul Sarto
- Art Wilder

TROMBONE

(Please check three)

- Milt Berni
- Eddie Condon
- Ben Bernie
- Jack Bask
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Willie DeLois
- Wilbur Deller
- Vic Dickenson
- Ben Embree
- Carl Esposito

- Mathews Gee
- Bennie Green
- Ernie Green
- Bill Harris
- J. J. Johnson
- Mr. Lincoln
- Lou McGarity
- Turk Murphy
- Benny Powell
- Frank Rosolino
- Jack Teagarden
- Kai Winding
- Bert Wiedermann
- Leonard Young

ALTO SAX

(Please check two)

- Julian (Lamont) Adderley
- Howard Alden
- Dennis Atherton
- Pat DeLucia
- Leon Darrell
- Herb Falter
- Gigi Gryce
- Ernie Hines
- Johnny Hodges
- Tex Kibbe
- John LaPorta
- Jackie McLean
- Frank Morgan
- Lennie Niehaus
- Gene Quill
- Bud Shank
- Sonny Stitt
- Earl Warren
- Phil Woods

TENOR SAX

(Please check two)

- Buddly Arnold
- George Auld
- Al Cohn
- Frank Foster
- Bill Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Coleman Hawkins
- Pee Wee Hunt
- Dannie Jackson
- Bobby Jaspar
- Richie Kamia
- Ward Marshall
- Eddie Miller
- J. R. Monroe
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Sonny Rollins
- Charlie Rouse
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Buddy Tate
- Lucky Thompson
- Charlie Ventura
- Ben Webster
- Frank Wess
- Lester Young

BARITONE SAX

(Please check one)

- Pepper Adams
- George Barnes
- Eddie Casares
- Harry Carney
- Serge Chaloff
- Al Cohn
- Marty Flax
- Charlie Fowlkes
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Lars Gallon
- Gil Melle
- Gerry Mulligan
- Cecil Payne
- Jon Redstone
- Sol Schlinger
- Solie Shulman
- Red Shank
- J. L. Washington

CLARINET

(Please check one)

- Buddy Collette
- Buddy DeFranco
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Edmond Hall
- Jimmy Hunt
- Leonid Hambro
- Peanuts Hucko
- Rolf Kuhns
- John LaPorta
- Ove Lind
- Matti Matlock
- Joe Morello
- Tony Parenti
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Omer Simeone
- Putte Wachman

PIANO

(Please check one)

- Tristano Monti
- Giants Buscaglia
- Dave Brubeck
- Barbara Carroll
- Bill Evans
- Russ Freeman
- Red Garland
- Ennui Garner
- Friedrich Gulda
- Hayes Hunter
- Hampton Hawes
- Earl Hines
- Hank Jones
- Bill Kyle
- Lorraine
- John Lewis
- Dave McKenna
- John McLevy
- Oscar Peterson
- Lennie Tristano
- Eddie Condon
- Art Farmer
- Jimmy Rowles
- George Shearing
- Horace Silver
- Art Tatum

- Billy Taylor**
- Sir Charles Thompson**
- Lenore Tristano**
- Randy Weston**
- Teddy Wilson**
- Stanley Washington**

GUITAR*(Please check one.)*

- Launardo Maseda**
- George Barnes**
- Sketer Beal**
- Kenny Burrell**
- Bo Diddley**
- Herb Ellis**
- Hal Falwell**
- Bill Evans**
- Dick Gaughan**
- Freddie Green**
- Tom Hall**
- Steve Holman**
- Buddy Jettison**
- Monte Karr**
- Charles Parker**
- Jimmy Rahee**
- Howard Roberts**
- Sal Salvador**
- Cliff Wayne**
- Bill Wright**

BASS*(Please check one.)*

- Bob Balch**
- Ray Brown**
- Red Callender**
- Paul Chambers**
- Israel Crosby**
- George Duvivier**
- Sam Gill**
- Bob Haggart**
- Perce Heath**
- Mike Herbig**
- Bobbi Jones**
- Marion A. Monk**
- Wendy Marshall**
- Al McLaughlin**
- Charli Marusas**
- Ruf Murchie**
- Walter Page**
- Quar Pittard**
- Edith Patterson**
- Levon Vernigas**
- Doug Warkins**
- Gene Wright**

DRUMS*(Please check one.)*

- John Bellard**
- Art Blakey**
- Jimmy Campbell**
- Kenny Clarke**
- Jimmy Crawford**
- Buddy Dringerson**
- Nick Falson**
- Chuck Flores**
- Herb Geller**
- Chico Freeman**
- Lon Johnson**
- Doc Johnson**
- Jo Jones**
- Philly Joe Jones**
- Connie Kay**
- Gene Krupa**
- Stelly McTigue**
- Ray McKinley**
- Joe Morello**
- Sonny Payne**

- Buddy Rich**
- Max Roach**
- Art Taylor**
- Ed Thigpen**
- Bob Thompson**
- Ed Shaughnessy**
-

MISC. INSTRUMENT*(Please check one.)*

- Dorothy Ashby, harp**
- Sidney Bechet, soprano sax**
- Larry Bunker, vibes**
- Don Butlerfield, tuba**
- Freddy Charles, vibes**
- Buddy Collette, flute**
- Don Elliott, tuba, melophones**
- Leslie Goldin, etc.**
- John Goris, French horn**
- Sophie Grappelli, violin**
- Tom Hampton, vibraphone**
- Milt Jackson, vibraphone**
- Steve Lacy, soprano sax**
- Herbie Mann, flute**
- Mac Mathews, accordion**
- Sam Marowitz**
- Marion Morris**
- R. Wayne, violin**
- Red Norvo, vibraphone**
- One Person Cellio**
- Terri Pollard, vibraphone**
- Tom Powers, tambourine**
- Nat "King" Cole**
- Bob Shank, flute**
- Janet Smith, organ**
- Cal Tjader, vibraphone**
- Cy Tamm, bass trumpet**
- Art Van Damme, accordion**
- Frank West, flute**

MALE VOCALIST*(Please check one.)*

- Louis Armstrong**
- Chet Baker**
- Ray Charles**
- Nat "King" Cole**
- Perry Como**
- Bing Crosby**
- Sammy Davis, Jr.**
- Redd Foxx**
- C. C. Hales**
- Roy Kral**
- Johnny Mathis**
- Brother Joe May**
- Tuck Murphy**
- Jackie Paris**
- Jimmy Rushing**
- Frank Sinatra**
- Jack Teagarden**
- Alie Torme**
- Buddy Troupe**
- Joe Turner**
- Joe Williams**

FEMALE VOCALIST*(Please check one.)*

- D. Clark Austin**
- Betty Bennett**
- Janet Baker**
- Jackie Cain**
- Jeanne Crispy**

- Chris Connor**
- Florence Henderson**
- Billie Holiday**
- Lurleen Hunter**
- Matha Jackson**
- Montana King**
- Teddy King**
- Peggy Lee**
- Marlene**
- Mary Ann McCall**
- Carmen McRae**
- Helen Merrill**
- Connie Mitchell**
- Ann O'Day**
- Jerry Reed**
- Rita Reys**
- Vin Richards**
- Tex Ritter, Jr.**
- Sarah Vaughan**
- Dinah Washington**
- Lee Wiley**
-

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO*(Please check one.)*

- Australian Jazz Quartet**
- Dave Brubeck**
- Kenney Clarke**
- Miles Davis**
- Wilbur De Paris**
- Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets**
- Don Elliott**
- Hal Farlow**
- Eugene Garber**
- John Giada**
- Frederick Gollida**
- Chico Hamilton**
- Laurel Harrelson**
- The Jazz Messengers**
- Hot Jig Band of N. Y.**
- Charlie Mariano**
- Modern Jazz Quartet**
- Gerry Mulligan**
- P. Charles Newkirk**
- Dave Peck**
- Oscar Peterson**
- Max Roach**
- Shorty Rogers**
- Bob Sculley**
- Johnny San Filippo**
- Buddy Taylor**
- Cal Tjader**
- Randy Weston**
- Kai Winding - J. J. Johnson**
- Teddy Wilson**
-

VOCAL GROUP*(Please check one.)*

- Blue Stars**
- Brad and Specials**
- Cadillacs**
- Jackie Cain - Roy Kral**
- Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets**
- Four Freshmen**
- Ho Ho's**
- Honey Dukes**
- Mary Kaye Trio**
- McGuire Sisters**
- Mills Brothers**
- Spellbenders**
-

Correct name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

HOW TO BATHE A POODLE

CONSISTENT WITH PLAYBOY'S POLICY of publishing timely, informative features of real worth and value to the urban male, here is the step-by-step procedure for properly bathing your poodle. Though we realize not all of our readers presently possess, or have immediate plans for possessing, a poodle, we are confident that every last one of you is, deep down (where it really counts), a poodle lover and so will be able to take at least an academic interest in these instructions. Miss Joan Bradshaw has very kindly consented to assist us in the demonstration.

helpful hints on proper pet care, illustrated



1. First, filling the bathtub with soapy water the owner calls the poodle over. The presence of the owner in the tub allays any fears he (the poodle) may have concerning the matter. If it is good enough for people, it is good enough for me, the poodle reasons.

2. Though the poodle appears dubious, a little applied poodle psychology and he (the poodle) is convinced the tub is the place to be.



3. The pet is brought in contact with the water in a series of quick up and down motions, not unlike the dunking of a sugar wafer in a cup of tea.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRE DE DIENES



4. The poodle pants contentedly while his owner applies a gentle brushing. We don't care what you've got to say, this poodle is panting.



6. Any questions?



"Gee, that's funny — all he gave me was a written exam."

next afternoon. "You CAN make a contribution of, say, a hundred dollars or so. That should take care of her and give her a little education. I know a priest who knows the Mother Superior, and I think everything can be arranged with no questions asked."

We gave him the hundred and he left to make negotiations. The next afternoon was as dismal a day as I have ever seen. The cab that drove us through the rainy streets was slow and tickety-foke, talked aimlessly of a dozen subjects, while Sammy and I, feeling very depressed, sat on either side of Sundae and he'd her his id.

At the front entrance of the convent school, Jules rang a little brass bell and we were taken in by a sound and stern-faced nun. Her authoritative manner was warning that she would break no nonsense and, on the like lines, conversion. At Jules it's a young woman, who had advised me in civs of my high school English teacher, sent looks flying in our directions that contained all the elements of eternal damnation.

At last she led Sundae away through an outer door. We almos ran back to the cab, hoping to be gone before Sundae realized that we had deserted her.

We dropped Jules off at his French Army post on our way home and then paid the cabbie outside a coffee shop near our apartment. We found a table and ordered coffee.

It was a dreary and rainy late afternoon and our depression had dropped to a painful level. We didn't feel like talking, but after a few minutes Sammy said, "I got something I want to get off my chest."

"What? What?"

"Well," he said, hesitating, "darn it, I'm sorry if I've been hard to get along with lately. But I've been upset about a couple of things. I tell you the truth, I just couldn't get up the nerve to make that kid. I don't know who exactly, maybe she looked too much like my big sister."

I stopped my coffee and didn't say anything. He continued after a while: "I guess I really didn't have any right to be so peeved at you. After all, that's what we brought her for."

I still sipped my coffee and said nothing. We sat in despondent silence for half an hour.

"Say," he said at last, "I can't help but be curious. Tell me. How was it?"

I leaned back in my chair and looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then I took a big sip of coffee before I answered immediately. Not bad for a young girl, I guess. Personally I like them more mature."

It was an empty victory; our relationship on the next couple of days, while we were packing and vacating our apartment, was strained and cheerless. On the plane going to England Sammy sat beside me and read a book and gave the shortest possible answers to my questions.

In London he was always busy, he had

a number of friends to visit and somehow he was never included. Once, when he did introduce me to an acquaintance he said of me, "This guy is a real devil with the women." He grinned when he said it, but there was bitterness in his voice.

I could never quite reach Sammy those last few days. He sailed from Southampton before I did, and when I went to the dock with him to say goodbye he was preoccupied and didn't seem to want to look me in the eye. It was a depressing few minutes as we stood there by the gangplank. I felt the impending

loss of one of the best friends I ever had.

I made what was perhaps the first mature decision of my life as he turned to leave. When he was halfway up the gangplank I yelled at him. He turned around with a bored non-what expression on his face.

"I didn't either!" I yelled. He looked puzzled for a moment, and then the smile on his face was pure sunshine.

He stood on the dock and waved as the ship pulled away from the dock, as I walked through terribly empty streets to a little restaurant and had a cup of coffee.



FEMALES BY COLE: 28





PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



NEW TWIST

This eagey corkscrew has been given the nod by the Wine Institute, penetrates and extracts the longest, strongest or most fragile stopper without chewing up the cork or leaking the juice in the peg. Don't ask how just take our word for it. It's made of hand turned basswood, 3" long with a 2 1/4" tempered steel screw, sets you back a scant \$3.50 ppd. *Swan Smith Company, Dept. X, Carpentersville, Illinois.*



VOODOO-IT-YOURSELF

Here's the McCoy in voodoo kit. Inside the witch doctor's burlap pouch it's a scraw dill, wooden needles, needles, needles, voodoo cat, colored feathers and complete voodoo instruments. *Reinhardt's Novelty Co., 1000 N. Broad St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. Send \$1.50 and get your kit ppd from Green Lane Station, Dept. X, 2855 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania.*

All orders should be sent to the addresses listed in the descriptive paragraphs and checks or money orders made payable to the individual companies. With the exception of personalized items, all of these products are guaranteed by the companies and you must be entirely satisfied or the complete purchase price will be refunded.



DEN DECORATOR

Man here says he'll reproduce all the details of your family college fraternity or military crest in gold beaded J.D. Definitely establishes who you are while adding a new ethnic touch to your living room or living room. The plaque is a white oak base with mid-sized and hand painted with bird in bush wall mount. Comes in a choice of two sizes: 6" x 10" (\$10.95) or 11" x 16" (\$16.50). If you want it personalized with name, class, chapter, regiment, etc., add an another 75¢. *The Herald Publishing Co., Dept. Y, 516 Allen Road, Woodlawn, N.Y.*



FRIGID MIDGET

Here's an all-aluminum auto refreg that fits easily under the dash installs as easily as a radio. It's fully automatic and leaps into action with the start of your engine. The clever little box uses petrol as a refregent then returns it to the carburetor with every drop wasted. It's fine for chilling beer, braunschweiger or haley bottles, costs but \$87.50 from *B & M Corp., Cold maker Div., Dept. H, Hosmer, La.*



ROCK BUSTER

Just the thing for breaking down those super-sized ice cubes that won't fit in the damn glass. These stainless steel snippers break 'em. If he takes out of big ones, separate stuck together cubes or do you not think as such is sensible ice to go. I'd even be used to dredge up sunken olives or... *See Ma now I bar pal you I won the rock buster costs just 55 ppd from *Lengkeis & Antoine, Dept. J, 9 N. Wabash, Chicago 2, Illinois.**

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CRITICS PANEL • BOX 3113 - PHILA. 50

AMBIENTE LAND

(continued from page 51)

flowers market (huge bunches of blossoms are carried in the car by a team of boys saying "You'll get a better bouquet"). Ten thousand tons of the pines are produced for perfume essence every year on the sharply terraced farms that climb the hillsides along the coastal road. In fact, flowers sprawl bright carpets over most of the land and all the way to Grua. After that as the coastline submerges (yeah, they've even got them there) there are again olive groves all the way to La Spezia.

We didn't get that far out first day. At least we never have yet. One reason is a restaurant called La Maruola, between Ventimiglia and Bordighera. We enter the place through a mist of silk petals, and the waiter will apologize.

"Sembra che non siano più qui di fronte" ("All seems here it's raining flowers"). Then we pass up the menu headed with its usual fare from Provence. Rose and saffron for the local specialties.

For that we sat in a contemplative hour or so with a bottle of the pale, lemon-green, aromatic, from the vineyards of Polcevera, light and pungent and in tune with our morning mood. Later the waiter brought us a *risotto* fish stew that compares well with the French bouillabaisse. With it came a more definite white Coquille Saint-Jacques and Baccalà were already raving along back in the 14th Century. Then a wild array of cheeses and cold fresh grapes and figs, followed by a glass of *infuso*, a nut-flavored cordial.

In San Remo, a little further along the coast you'll want to watch for four things: the Casino, the Royal Hotel, the *Revedore*, its Moran, and the 18th Century charm of the hilltop Pigna district of darkly narrow lanes and winding flights of stone steps.

Speaking of casinos, the one at San Remo is the only one along the coast that deserves the name. It features the usual Palm Court, roulette and bally and roulette, roulette and baccara. There are a couple more (at Rapallo and Varese) that run to dancing, drinking and gambling during the sun like high season, but generally speak of anything else referred to as a "casino" (with the accent on the "c" and not the "n") is likely an feature less hot pleasure.

Beyond San Remo, the road runs through a whole cluster of resorts. Some are big and well known and fully crowded even in the spring and fall between the summer inns of Liguria, Italy, and the winter invasion from northern Europe. Places like Sanremo, Levanto and Varese are for instance. We're going north again in the fall or like their first winter, the small restaurants and nightclubs. But for a place to visit while we'll take the smaller, uncommercialized spots like Langughe, Noia, Arma di Taggia, Celle Ligure and Varese that last two distinguished by mountains, torrentia running through town and across the beach into the sea. Take the all weather easy driving of the

brighter resorts for those moments when he feels like champagne and *antipasto a la Romana* or *bagna calda* with truffles. In fact, the gulf is brighter for the drive there—past a caravan of *Dosi Casolati* on motorcycles, small boys with goats, women with headscarves of fruit, crumpling amber walls scrawled with *Commedia* slogans and ragged beggars on marble church steps.

Or when we're in a *sano tosso* (rather than a champagne mood), we like to be able to steal down the hilly alleys of a small village ducking family laundry, nudging in a lilting chorus of *basso gorgoros*. We like to find our way to the little *ristorante* by the harbor and a table tucked in a *trullo* (a little between a couple of umbrellas and a pile of nettie) with a wine and a small plate of mushrooms *al nugh*, toasted *gnocchi* in butter with a touch of garlic and chopped parsley. And when we ask what else is good, he grips *Quel che non manca* (ognissanti) ("What doesn't kill you will fatten you").

Take our advice and rent a villa at Noli or in the Boschi quarter of Celle Ligure, amid pinewoods atop a sheer cliff. It runs down to a small, beach whose rocky outcroppings capture busy pools of scallop from the receding tide. Or perhaps you'll want to go on, at least your first trip, to Genoa and follow to the even more famous stretch of rocks and pebbled beaches of the Riviera di Levante.

Stop briefly en route through bustling Genoa. Take in, if you must, sights like Christopher Columbus' house. For us, however, the sights of Genoa are in the pulsing, merry life of the streets. The show along these narrow *nicchie* is a couple of thousand years old now but as lively as ever. Especially so around the docks where there's a bar for every nationality, entertainment for every taste, a racket for every sucker.

Our *rese* cooking runs mainly to olive oil and a ham, and cheese sauce called *pesto*. You'll find it over pasta inside *minestrone* and other soups, around *burrata* (big ricotta) and other seafood. We liked its sharp taste once we got used to it. At better restaurants like Olivio or Capriata di Grattacielo you can get *Milanesi* *arabesco* (red baked on the marrow bone), *Napolitan* *pizza* or *Romana* *frutta mista* (fruit salads), braised sweetbreads, ratatouille and liver sautéed in egg, then fried.

At Genoa's *Ristorante al Mare* we had a steaming bowl of *bucatini Romani*, a really terrible fish stew seasoned with saffron, a spinach-tinted *langue Pardessus*, a huge boiled lobster then some gorgonzola cheese melted with hot oil and eaten with fresh pears. We finished with a bottle of light *Castello* (the final straw), with hating, orange-flavored liqueur.

South and east of Genoa, the coast is more rocky. The *Via Aurelia* (laid out by Roman legions) dips and winds around tiny coves bright with red and green fishing boats caught on a pebbled slope and dark brown nets hanging out to dry, then through a hilltop vil-

lage of tree-shaded baroys and a dray trafficked church square so peacefully rural it might be a thousand miles from the sea.

We like that stretch because it's still not too far from San Remo's Casino and the cined flesh pots of Genoa. Yet it has tourist-type flesh pots of its own three utterly lovely but overcourted towns: Rapallo, Santa Margherita Ligure and Portofino.

This last is an instance of them all is a visual dream park and green and pale blue, salmon and white villa houses sliced around a gleaming green arm of the sea. It has the magnificent Hotel Splendido, with a long terrace overlooking town and bay, but it has the Restaurant Patisserie, whose *menuettone* is a symphony of condiments. Its seasoning in velvets onion, garlic, salt, pepper, cayenne, bay leaf, oregano, anchovy paste and on and on. Portofino has a *piazza* so perfect it might be a stage set, with cafe tables set out in the sunshine under the live trees, among boats and *lasciati* (oyster) stalls and fishermen's nests; it has a castle up on the headland across from the little harbor, it has some of the clearest water for skin diving (though the undersized grottoes around the islands of Bergeggi and Galatana offer a special thrill).

Portofino, in short, is the sort of place you really can't believe even when you get there. But everyone knows it and that's why we stay at Camogli or—if we can get a villa, because there's no hotel—at San Fruttuoso nearby. Anyone with a soul finds Portofino a little hard to take now in my but a visual sense, with its edgy overlay of yacht-horne movie stars, day trippers on conducted tours and Milanese merchants with flabby mattresses. The wine isn't 156 a bottle at Portofino anymore and the fishermen's wharfside homes are luxury apartments. The fishermen themselves make their living from tourist trips along the coast.

Rapallo is pretty much the same way, with its high Restaurant Fausto, its Santa Margherita with its *Uccello Terrazzo* restaurant and its expensive Bar raccolti and Capo di Noli East nightclubs.

And even beyond those towns—to Lerici where Shelley lived and Byron brought other men's wives to Fiascherino where D. H. Lawrence wrote *Sailor* (now where Shelley was entombed in the church *Poeta Venero*) and Varegno—it's still pretty much the Coney Island of Italy.

For us, the best parts of the entire coast (recking with beautiful garlic-flavored simplicity) are the villages of Cinque Terre. Still almost unknown although just off one of the most heavily trampled tourist tracks in Europe, they offer truly unsupplied color: fishing villages where the fishermen really fish, dramatically rugged coasts, tiny sand beaches between tide-washed, moss-green rocks, ambient in the bucketful.

The secret of their 1200-year evolution is simple: no roads. So you go by train, stopping off en route (if you'll take our advice) at Chiavari, a solemn little industrial town that manufactures most of the things that are sold at a 25% pre-

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beyond our ken?"

"Yeah," said the Lieutenant, "but even so—"

"Lieutenant," Conroy said evenly, "picture it. What would you do if you saw a blob of vaseline fifty feet high and all covered with hair coming at you?"

The Lieutenant's eyes grew glassy at the image; then he clapped his hand to his mouth and lurched straight for the washroom.

"It all fits together, Quentin," said Brenda, breathing heavily. "The severe nausea—the globs of goo—the flying saucer—the theramin music. But what is this monstrosity's purpose in killing these girls? And why only girls?"

Conroy frowned. "I . . . don't . . . know," he said.

And suddenly, the monster was upon us. The screen was filled with hairy vaseline—fifty feet of it, sprawling ominously down the road and humming to itself. John Quincy Adams clapped his hand to his mouth and was never seen again. My dentist climbed up the theater wall. Arthur Miller followed close on his heels and Marilyn Monroe clung to me (understandably) for comfort. My popcorn, of course, went flying at the first sight of the monster, and for a moment I was blinded by salt and falling kernels.

When my vision cleared, I saw to my horror that Brenda was in the coils of the unearthly type creature and was giving the theramin some stiff competition in the wailing department. Next we saw Conroy, his viscometer awry, pointing wildly and yelling, "It's taking her toward the hills!"

"The hills!" echoed Pfeiffer the reporter, materializing from behind a clothes-tree. "That's where the flying saucer was sighted!"

After some scratchy stock footage of Grant Withers and Onslow Stevens climbing in a couple of '35 Chevys and barreling down the road, we got our first glimpse of the saucer. It was made of Linenex china, stained with blue. The monster moved into the picture, hugging Brenda, whose struggles had grown notoriously lacking in sincerity. The armed services had apparently been summoned, for we were now treated to stirring shots of the U.S. Infantry, the Polish cavalry, and the air force of an unidentified nation, all engaged in dust-raising activity of one sort or another culminating in the detonation of the hydrogen bomb. Needless to say, these efforts left the monster unscathed. By the time Conroy and Pfeiffer arrived, it had miraculously released Brenda, however, and she ran toward her colleague.

"Brenda!" said Conroy. "You're all right! It let you go . . . and you didn't get severe nausea . . . What—?"

Panting, Brenda said, "I found out everything. That theramin music—it's Morse code. The gun told me the whole story. He didn't want to kill those girls; they just got deathly ill at the sight of him. He was only looking for a mate. He's lonely."

"A mate? But he's—that is—he doesn't have any—I mean—"

"You don't understand, Quentin. Look at my eyelids."

"They're vaselined."

"What else?"

"They're well greased."

"Correct. Walk straight!"

"You mean . . ."

"Exactly! All these other girls greased their eyelids with vaseline, too. And the stuff from outer space was just looking for someone of his own kind!"

"Amazing!" Conroy embraced her. "You're wonderful, Brenda. A true scientist. Brenda, darling—will you marry me? Together, we will plumb new depths of viscosity!"

"Thought you mind," said Brenda. "I'm going home with Pete."

"Pete?"

Brenda sighed wearily, "I can't pronounce his real name. I call him Pete because he's made of petroleum jelly—viscous to you."

"What? You're going back to his native planet with him?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful? Talk about plumbing new depths of viscosity—man, he's really viscous! I'll be doing the cause of viscometry a great service. Besides," she added, with a libidinous growl, "I always was a sucker for tall, hairy guys."

Hand-in-pseudopod, Brenda and Pete walked toward the flying saucer as the music climbed to great heights. It was still new, but this time it was more like Tchaikovsky than Stravinsky. Conroy took it like a man, blinked back a tear, packed his viscometer and walked slowly in the opposite direction.

The lights in the theatre went up and I became suddenly aware of the coldness of the leather seat on which I was sitting. A sudden fear gripped me and I looked down to find it confirmed. Somehow, by the wizardry of dreams, I was now clad in only the tops—rather than the bottoms—of my pajamas. Furtively, I looked at Marilyn. She was wearing the bottoms. I found this turn-of-events charming and, as I left the theatre with her, hand-in-pseudopod, I did not even try to understand the transference. That would require, I knew, a superhuman intelligence beyond my ken.



HOODWINKED HUSBAND

(continued from page 52)

Marcos was waiting in his fishing boat.

"Ah, Captain!" cried Marco. "I am glad you are here. For as I sat here, reminiscing the high sport you must be enjoying, my blood grew restive and it was all I could do to keep from rowing away and taking a taste of my wife! I very nearly did so, in fact—but I knew how disappointed you would have been to find your transportation gone."

At these words, Antonio grew slightly pale, for he realized he had come dangerously close to discovery. Ralphy, however, he said, "Why, my good fellow! Are you married? I had no idea. If I had but known, I would have told you to enjoy her by all means and then return for me."

"What, sir?" asked Marco. "Did you not know I recently wed a girl so beautiful, so sensuous, so altogether desirable

that she arouses a craving in all who look upon her?"

"No, you lucky vassal! But see here: wives, however fair they may be, must be reckoned as part of the regular furniture of the house, something to serve our pleasant uses whenever we stand in need. But married or unmarried, we lusty men must always be on the look-out for some fresh morsel. Nature demands it! Therefore, when you bring me to this place tomorrow evening, I will return to the boat with the lady—in so that we both may enjoy her. Eh? What do you say?"

Marcos was overcome with delight.

The next evening, he had draped his boat with carpets and canopies, improving its appearance and increasing its privacy. He docked at the same place; Antonio got out, repeated his journey of the previous night, and returned in a short time with a heavily-veiled young woman. Marco waited patiently while the two made merry within the canopied enclosure. Then, after a while, Antonio came out and said: "Now then, Marco, she's yours. And a sweet bit of sauce she is, indeed! Although I have never seen the wife of whom you spoke yesterday, I am sure the lady within is her equal in beauty and ardor. One thing, however, good Marco my friend: do not, I beseech you, attempt to lift her veil or make speech with her, or in any other way try to learn her identity. It would be the undoing of us both."

Marcos knew creased at this. "I do not understand . . ."

"I did not mean to tell you," Antonio said in a whisper, "since the framer who knew, the better. But because you are pained, I will reveal to you that this lady is no less a personage than the daughter of the Duke, and she means us here in great peril of her father's wrath. Can you conceive our fate if word of this got out, or if you incurred her displeasure by lifting her veil? The rack, the thumbscrews! Therefore, Marco, enjoy her quickly and in silence."

Terrified at the dangers Antonio had painted, Marco joined the veiled lady and took his pleasure of her in five minutes, returning to Antonio full of praise for her accomplishments. "Not only is she the equal of my wife," he declared: "she surpasses her! But Captain, before you return this highborn lady to the shore, please tell me how I may repay you for this enjoyment you have given me tonight!"

Antonio, somewhat embarrassed, said, "Repay me, Marco? There is no need."

"I insist, sir! Such sport as this cannot be had at any price in the finest bawdy houses in Venice! What can I do for you in return?"

"Well," said Antonio, "I have planned a dinner on Saturday for some friends, but as you know, my funds are low. If you could possibly loan me . . ."

"Say no more!" said Marco. "And speak not of loans. It will be my pleasure to provide the price of a fine dinner, Saturday next, for you and I and all our friends—at the best inn on the canal!"





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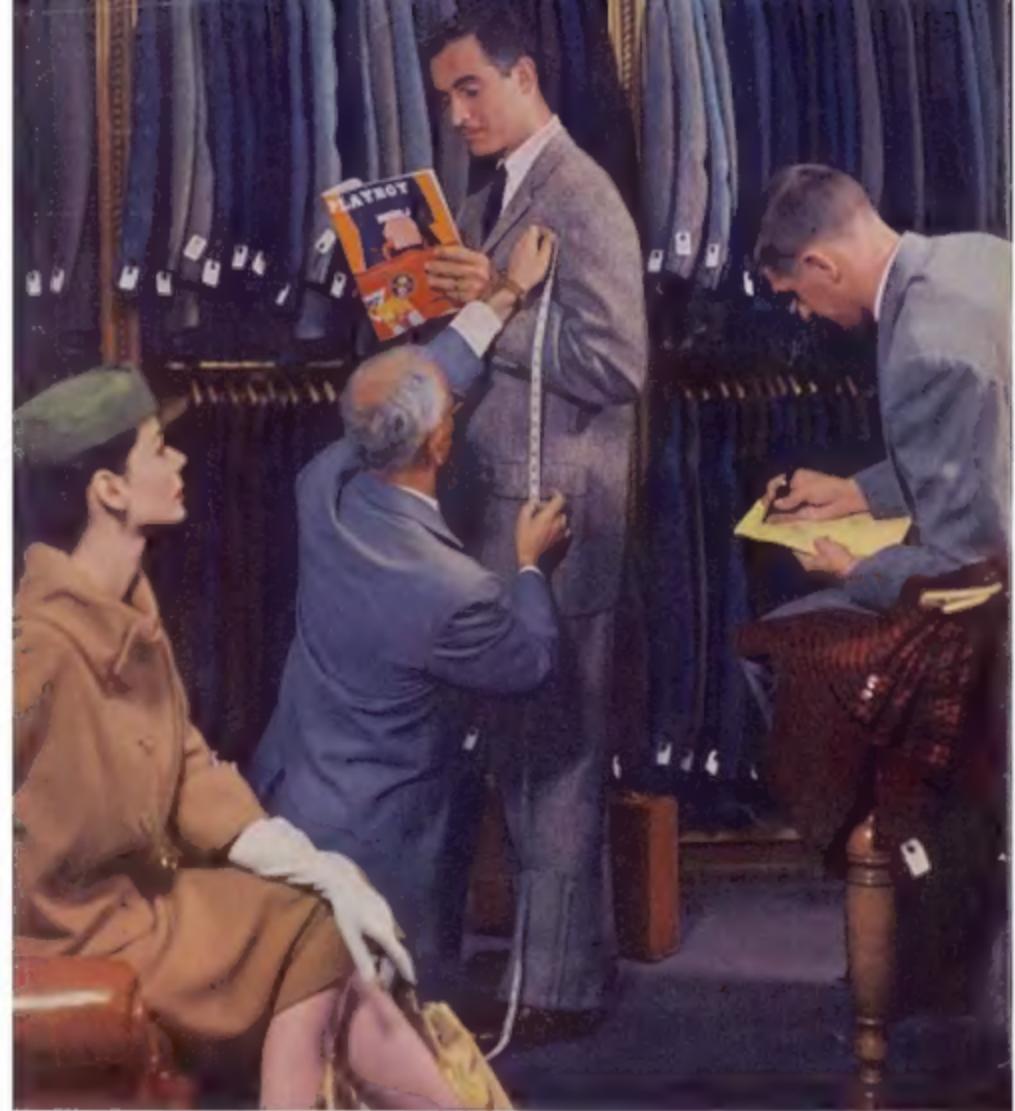
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